

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

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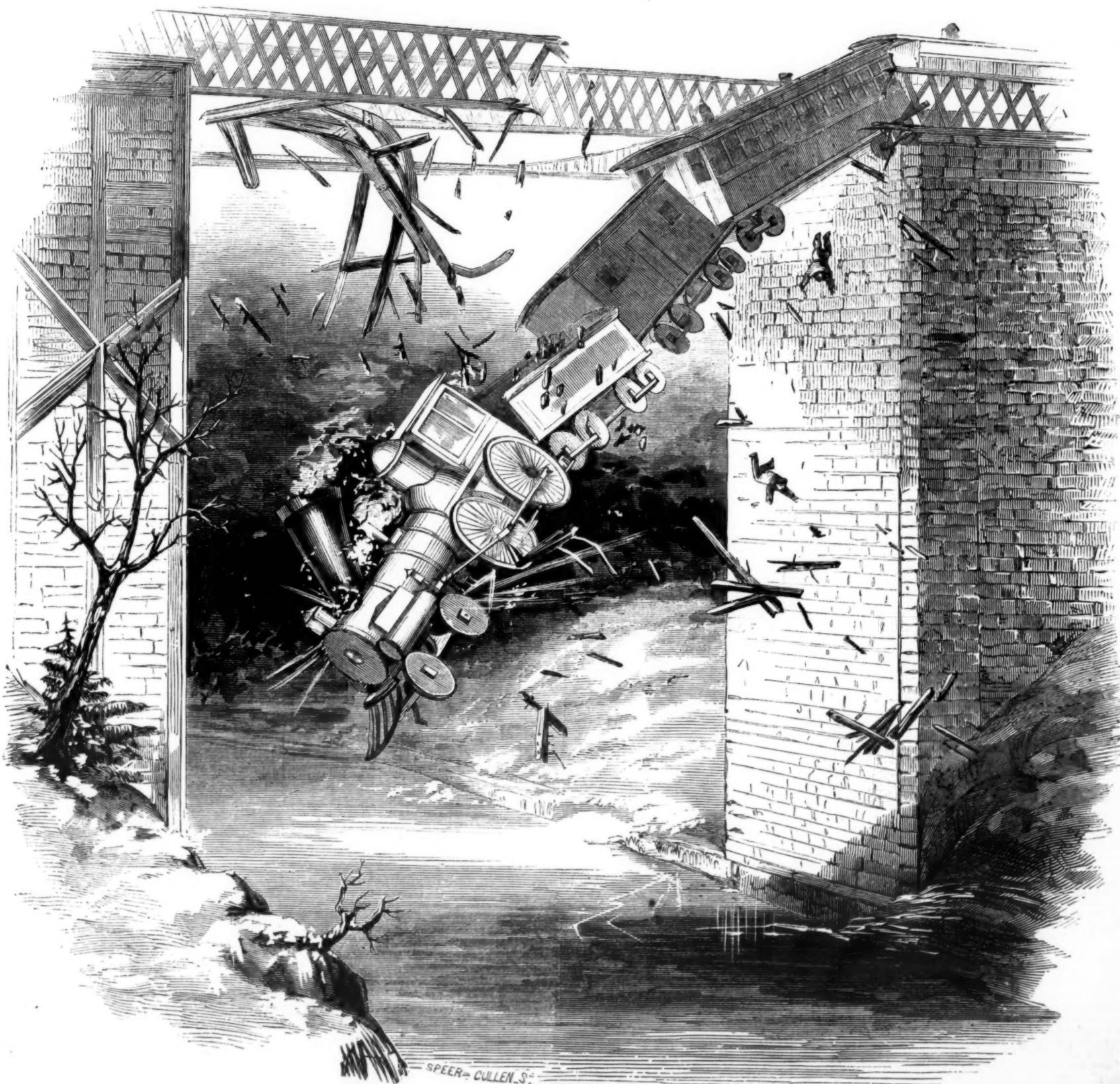
[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

THE TERRIBLE RAILROAD MASSACRE. DESTRUCTION OF THE TRESSLE BRIDGE ACROSS THE DES JARDINES CANAL ON THE RAILROAD BETWEEN THE CITIES OF TORONTO AND HAMILTON, C. W.

It is the melancholy duty of the press to record, not only a terrible railway accident, but the *most terrible* that ever happened on this continent or in the world. By the breaking of a bridge over which streams of human beings were hourly speeding their way, in an instant more persons were killed than on the American side at the

vaunted Mexican battle fields of Palo Alto and Rasaca del Palmo. In the midst of life, tens, ay, scores of men, some with gray hairs, some in the very prime of life, some full of youthful hopes and aspirations; girls blooming into the perfection of womanhood, mothers with their children at their breasts, little innocent ones—all—all hurried into eternity by a most frightful catastrophe, and without a moment's warning! A wide sweeping calamity has fallen upon the people of Canada. Men who have ever stood in the foremost rank—capitalists the most shrewd, speculators the most keen, merchants the most far-sighted, clergymen the most earnest women pure and

beautiful—have at one fell swoop been taken. The brain wanders, and the pen and pencil almost refuse to do their accustomed duty when attempting to portray the heartrending scenes witnessed. By the aid of the photographic art and the hand of genius, we present to our readers some of the most prominent incidents of this event. They are interesting because they are correct delineations. The scene represented below gives the idea of the first plunge of the cars down the terrible chasm, the series on other pages relate to the fearful incidents following the catastrophe, where also may be found a full and carefully prepared letter-press description.



THE TORONTO RAILWAY TRAIN BREAKING THROUGH THE TRESSLE BRIDGE OVER THE DES JARDINES CANAL, FALLING SIXTY FEET INTO THE GULF BELOW. FROM A SKETCH BY COL. FRANK FOSTER, OF PHILADELPHIA.

THE BLACK GONDOLA.

A VENETIAN TALE.

BY CHARLES A. SYLVESTER.

(Continued in No. 67.)

VII.—THE PRINCE.

"The last!" said a grave and cold voice, proceeding from one who stood upon the threshold of the door.

Angelina and the count started back, and stood beside each other, astounded and alarmed.

"The last!" cried a second time the venerable and severe Prince di Papoli, advancing towards them. When he came close beside them, he folded his arms, and gazed upon them with a strange and peculiar expression of countenance.

"Is this young man your brother," said he, "that I see him bold enough to salute your lips?"

"It is the Count Leonardo Montecali," replied Angelina, who was as yet under the influence of feelings easily comprehended, but who spoke with all the energy of innocence.

"Count Leonardo Montecali, I can scarcely welcome you to my poor house, for I am one of the guardians of the public weal, and have to ask how you, a prisoner in the republic's dungeon but a few hours back, are here free in the palace of my wife, the Princess di Papoli?"

"You knew, then, that I was a prisoner?" said the Count Leonardo haughtily, looking at the same time with a meaning and reproachful expression of countenance towards Angelina.

"I did."

"And you allowed me to believe him dead?" cried Angelina, scarcely able to credit her senses.

"It was my duty, as one of the rulers of Venice," replied the old man gravely, "to betray none of its secrets."

"My God!" said Leonardo, again turning towards Angelina with deep reproach in his look and tone. "Do you understand now? Are you satisfied?"

"I know not what to think. I still must believe that the prince acted for the best," replied Angelina, who could not bring herself to credit avarice and duplicity in one so venerable, and who bore so noble a reputation.

"Thank you, Angelina," said the prince: "but no matter under what circumstances, recollect that you are my wife, and that the presence of a cavalier, who was publicly known to be, previous to your marriage with me, your suitor, is wholly unfitting."

"I was about to retire that instant," exclaimed Leonardo eagerly. "The Lady Angelina did not receive me. The same good fortune which enabled me to escape, enabled me to enter this house. Prince, you are aware why this lady consented to unite herself to you. But when I came here, I swear I thought to find her free. I am free to confess, use the knowledge as you will, prince, that I proposed to Angelina—to the princess—to fly with me; she refused, and we were parting for ever when your highness entered."

"I am willing to believe you, young man," replied the prince, with a gratified smile. "But I have other business with you. The boat in which you came hither awaits you below, to restore you to your prison. But I wish, before you go, to ask you a few questions." And the old man sat down.

"I am ready to answer, prince," said Leonardo quietly. He had only left his prison for the sake of Angelina, and he cared little indeed for how long he was taken back to it.

Angelina clasped her hands together in despair. She almost regretted her refusal to fly.

"On what charge were you arrested?" asked the prince.

"I knew not."

"You knew not?"

"I repeat that I am wholly ignorant of the circumstances which led to my arrest," said Leonardo.

"You have no suspicion that some act of yours may have justified your imprisonment?"

"I have no suspicions, for I know that the jealousy of Stephen Dandolo was the sole cause."

"Young man, I am willing and anxious to believe you; but there are strong facts against you. Come, look into your inmost heart. Recollect that little is hidden from the vigilance of St. Mark. Question your own conscience, count, and see if no act of yours, which you think buried in the recesses of your brain, could explain the conduct of the government towards you."

"On my soul, and by my salvation, I never did act or deed which could by any possibility have offended the government!" said the young man, in a tone of solemn earnestness scarcely to be mistaken.

"Strange, and, if true, horrible!" cried the prince.

"I have spoken the truth."

"Count, I will candidly say that I believe you. I hope the Council of Three may be as confiding."

"Thank you, prince," said Leonardo coldly. He put no faith on the belief or good wishes of the prince.

"Thank you, thank you," cried Angelina warmly.

"I was very wrong," observed the old man, shaking his head.

"Very wrong, as an old man of eighty always is when he takes a young wife."

"You did right," cried Leonardo energetically, "for Angelina was worthy of the trust. But what I do not understand is, that, knowing me to be alive, you should have wedded her."

"Young man, I believed you guilty," replied Di Papoli gravely; "and I listened to the prayer of the child of my best friend."

"Guilty of what, prince?"

"I may not say; that is the secret of the state. Jacopo!"

An officer of the police, in his uniform, advanced into the room, and bowed respectfully.

"I wait the commands of his excellency."

"I am in haste, Jacopo, and precede you in my departure. I confide this prisoner to you. Let him be taken at once before the Council of Three."

The prince, after bowing his venerable head to all present, went out.

"I knew how it would be," cried the duenna, wringing her hands, and weeping bitterly.

"Angelina, was I not right? And when the prince could betray you so unmercifully as to wed you, knowing me to be alive, ought you to have been more tender with him?"

"If the prince has done wrong, I should not imitate him, Leonardo," said Angelina mournfully.

"Count," said the officer of police, advancing, "you are a prisoner of the state, and must follow me."

"I know it," replied Leonardo; and, with a look of admiration and despair fixed upon the beautiful girl who was now lost to him for ever, he slowly followed the officer.

In the next room were six armed agents. He was placed in the midst, hurried rapidly down the stairs to the water-gate, where waited for him the Black Gondola, which, as gloomy as a starless night, without ornament of any kind, with the curtains of its awning as black as its hull, was a fit instrument to be used by the sombre and despotic city, which had dignified its tyranny with the name of republic, and which, perhaps, while the most singular of governments, was the worst.

The officer and his men went under the awning with their prisoner. The gondoliers, without a word, and at a simple sign from the chief, pushed off, and the hearse-like machine began to glide back towards the prison which Leonardo had three hours before left so full of hope, and where, he doubted not, at all events, one man would welcome his return. To say the truth, the count was very anxious about Mario.

VIII.—ANGELINA.

"AGATHA," said the princess, as soon as the count had departed, "you love me—do you not?"

"Oh, signora, why do you ask me such a question?" replied the woman who had nursed her at her bosom.

"Because I am going to ask much of you," said Angelina in a tone of determination which astonished Agatha.

"Speak, my lady."

"But you must have much courage, and almost blind confidence in me," added Angelina.

"I have hitherto obeyed your simplest wish, dear lady. Speak, I am unchanged."

"Agatha," cried Angelina in a tone of decision not unmixed with anguish, "the count must be saved."

"But what can we do?"

"Everything. It is I who ought to save him, for it is through me he is a prisoner: and it is I who will to save him!"

"My dear lady, why speak you thus? You can do nothing. It is idle for women to struggle with the state."

"Idle!" said Angelina. "No!—it is not idle. What! would you have me lie down calmly—would you have me glide away to my bed, and sleep, while my heart's husband is struggling for his life before his judges? I will not do it! What I refused to his persuasions, what I refused to his love, it would have been wrong to grant, for he was free, and in no immediate danger. But now, his life perhaps hangs upon a thread; and shall I, to whom he has been so faithful—shall I, when he has forgiven even my marriage—hesitate to take any step in his service? To save him from death or perpetual prison, I would die freely, nurse; and she who forms that determination can have no fear!"

"My lady, what mean you?" cried Agatha, clasping her hands in a paroxysm of new terror.

"I mean, Agatha, that no dread of idle tongues, no fear of blame, shall stay me in my holy purpose. It is my duty, as much as my wish, to save the count; and he must be saved!"

"But speak, lady—speak. How?"

"Go, fetch two mantles, hoods, and masks, and bid Alphonso prepare a gondola," answered the princess.

"Merciful Heaven! whither go you?"

"To the palace of Stephen Dandolo," said Angelina, forcing herself to appear calm.

"To the palace of Stephen Dandolo, the reprobate, the profligate!" cried Agatha.

"Even so. He is the accuser of Leonardo, and he alone can prove his innocence. I will humble myself before him; I will implore him, and he will take pity."

"You, my lady, humble yourself before that bold, bad man! Do you know all the crimes of which he is accused? Do you know that no woman dare trust herself in his palace?"

"I care not, Agatha. I am strong in the purity of my heart, and in the holiness of my purpose. Seek not to stay me. My mind is irrevocably made up. Go instantly, and fetch the mantles and masks. No more words. I will!"

The terror-struck duenna moved away silently, scarcely knowing what she was doing, and Angelina remained alone.

The young and lovely princess threw herself on her knees, and, with all the fervor and faith of her Italian nature, prayed to her God that she might be able to save the man she loved. She prayed not for herself, nor for happiness, present or to come: she but asked that he might be spared, and might be free—free from shackles, free from the breath of suspicion. Having thus as it were cast the weight off her own shoulders, she rose more composed, and full of that exalted confidence which women often feel in the fortune of the man they love—at least those women who give, like Angelina, their whole soul to one absorbing passion.

"Hasten, Agatha," she said, as the duenna returned. "There is no time to be lost."

The worthy old soul obeyed with a groan, and quickly concealed both herself and her mistress under the mantle, hood and mask. These assumed, they passed rapidly out of the splendid palace.

A gondola, with one gondolier, a discreet and favored menial, awaited them. They seated themselves in the cabin, and started. Agatha gave a whispered order to Alphonso. He obeyed without a remark: a Venetian gondolier knows that his first duty is discretion.

Ten minutes brought them to the palace occupied by the son of the Doge. It was lit up; crowds of gondolas flitted mystically to and fro along the smooth waters; and sounds of mirth and music were heard from the flaming windows: it was clear that the young man was giving a festival to his friends. Angelina was thunder-struck.

"What is to be done?" asked Agatha, in a voice expressive of the hope she felt that her young mistress would abandon the adventure.

"Go on," replied Angelina, hastily: "the greater the danger of discovery, the more merit in daring."

The gondola accordingly drew up at the steps, and Angelina and Agatha stepped out—the beautiful but trembling girl advancing, leaning on the arm of her alarmed servant. They reached the door. A confidential servant stood beside it.

"Paolo," said Agatha, who knew him well, putting a purse at the same time into his hand, "go tell your master that a young and beautiful lady wishes to have five minutes' conversation with him. But no delay!"

"Eccellenza, follow me," replied Paolo, bowing low.

They speedily found themselves in a small apartment furnished with dazzling splendor, and in a few minutes more Stephen Dandolo appeared. He advanced with a smile and a bow.

"Beautiful incognito!" he exclaimed gallantly. "I have left all my friends to come to you. Pray, in what can I serve you?"

Angelina unmasked.

"Angelina, Princess di Papoli!" cried the young man, with an accent of unfeigned wonder, looking wildly around him. You here?

"Yes, Stephen Dandolo, it is I," replied Angelina, quietly; "and my object is to obtain a few minutes' undisturbed conversation with you."

"Madam, my palace is at your command. Shall I send away my guests?"

"No, Count. Agatha, retire to the next room."

Agatha, with wonder and surprise in her heart, retired, and left them alone. Ten minutes passed—twenty—half an hour; and then Angelina came out, led by the hand by Stephen. Her eyes were swollen with tears; the young count was very pale. He waited until Agatha had replaced the mask and mantle, and then taking the hand of Angelina with profound respect, he led her away. But not secretly this time. She went, guided by him, through the suite of magnificent saloons, and parted from him only as she stepped into her gondola. The young count then respectfully kissed her hand, and returned to his guests.

IX.—THE TRIBUNE.

COUNT LEONARDO MONTECALI was deceived when he thought that his guards were taking him back to the gloomy prison near the Bridge of Sighs. They halted before a large and splendid palace.

The gondola was checked, and the officer of police desired the count to follow him. The young man obeyed, and ascended once more the steps of a palace, the guards following close behind him. All gave way before the well-known uniform of one of the agents of the government, and the palace was entered without a word of questioning. A corridor was passed, then a long suite of apartments, and then the count was taken into a small side cabinet, rather dark and gloomy, where the officer left him under the charge of two agents, and went out to report his arrival.

Count Leonardo began seriously to reflect. The moment was a grave one. On his behavior before his judges would perhaps hang his life, at all events his liberty. Despite the grief which had filled his soul at the discovery of the marriage of Angelina, he still wished to be free. With liberty, youth, and courage, he had everything to hope. The mind of Leonardo was not one of those which easily gives way to despair. He had been checked, but he did not consider himself beaten. It was in vain, however, that he racked his mind for answers to the charges which would be brought against him. He could not even form the remotest conception of what they might be. Himself a noble of rank and fortune, he had never, even in thought, acted against his country or his order. Under these circumstances it was useless, he felt, to puzzle himself farther with the mystery, and he therefore waited patiently.

"Enter!" said a loud voice from a door which opened suddenly, moving softly on its hinges.

"I am here," replied Leonardo; and he obeyed the command of the unseen speaker.

He found himself in a vast and ill-lighted, though splendid apartment. Behind a table covered with papers sat three men closely masked, and wrapped in thick cloaks, that completely concealed the outline of their persons. At one end of the table sat a secretary, also masked. There were no guards or attendants anywhere visible.

"Enter, Mario," cried the secretary, in a shrill and disguised voice.

Leonardo smiled, and turned round towards a door which suddenly opened beside him.

"The sorcerer!" cried the bewildered jailer, stepping back in unfeigned alarm.

"Himself, Mario," said the count, "and resigned to return to your good keeping. You see I did escape, as I threatened."

"Ah, my lord, it was ungenerous of you! What a fright I was in! I am scarcely recovered yet, and cannot believe that you disappeared from before my eyes."

"I will explain all when I return to my cell, good Mario," said the count, still smiling; "but there are gentlemen here who have claims upon us, and whose time we cannot intrude upon."

"It is precisely in connection with your strange escape," exclaimed the secretary, at a sign from one of the judges, "that we are at present about to examine you."

"Speak. I am ready to answer," said the count, turning towards the secretary, and bowing to the judges.

"This man has told a strange story in relation to your escape, Count Leonardo. We wish, for our satisfaction, to hear if his tale be true."

"I am sure honest Mario has told the truth as far as he knows it; and though my narrative will probably cause me to fall very much in that worthy man's opinion, I am desirous of explaining exactly how the affair happened."

"The Council listens to you," said the secretary, motioning to him to address the three masked figures.

Leonardo bowed, and in as few words as possible, leaving out only trifles which might have compromised Mario, told the whole history of his escape.

"Your story tallies exactly with that of Mario," observed the secretary, "and will in all probability save him from severe punishment. But," examining the paper before him, "how came you to escape in the gondola usually reserved for the secret service of the state?"

Count Leonardo told them the end of his story as frankly as he had told the beginning. The jailer heard him with stupid astonishment. He was almost too much surprised to be angry at the deception put upon him. The Council had looked at each other during the whole scene, as if they were taking advantage of their masks and cloaks to be greatly amused at the narrative of the count, which was told with a great deal of dry humor.

"Thank you, count, thank you," cried Mario, breathing more freely when he had concluded; "but I'm not half convinced yet. I can't see how any but a sorcerer could make such an escape."

"You may retire," said the secretary, nodding to the bewildered jailer, who, with an humble bow to the awful tribunal, and another addressed to the count, hastened with alacrity to obey, leaving Leonardo alone with his judges.

Count Leonardo Montecali, then said the secretary gravely, while the three assumed the solemn attitude of men about to try a question of life and death, "this matter of little real moment being settled, we come to more serious business."

"I am at the orders of their excellencies," said the count quietly, "though what of serious moment there can be between a young man like myself—whose life has been one of pleasure and of warlike duty—and the dread Council before which I stand, is more than can imagine."

"Your conscience is then perfectly at ease?" asked the questioner.

"Perfectly."

"But, Count Leonardo Montecali, we have to bring against you a charge of treason against St. Mark, of foul and base desertion of the interests of the republic."

"Signor, you must be mistaken in the name. No such charge can seriously be brought against me," replied the young man in a tone of haughty indignation.

"Speak calmly, young man," said one of the judges; "those who question have the right to do so, and the power to enforce their right."

"I know it; but not all their right, nor all their power, can make of me aught save an innocent man, sacrificed by a base calumniator to serve the purposes of his selfish passion."

"You speak warmly, count; but you must submit to the usual course. We have questions to put, and those questions must be answered. When you have responded to all we have to say, we shall then be ready and willing to hear your defence."

"I will be calm, excellencies; but a noble heart and a pure conscience cannot hear without indignation such charges."

"We like your impulses, and regard them as a good omen," said the same judge; "but you will be pleased now to answer the questions of our secretary."

(To be continued.)

THE NIGHT SHRIEK;

OR, THE STOLEN WILL;

A TALE OF NEW ORLEANS.

BY MR. J. P. BALDWIN, OF THAT CITY.

(Continued in No. 68.)

CHAPTER XVI.

Let those who have never changed their own minds rail,
That our hero—confiding himself to slayings, the stone ever rolling back
Upon him—thought his own lot hardest.—BUT BRANKIN.

I am a simple woman, good my lord, and often mean nothing.—BEATRICE.
Come back! come back! I in all your power—
In all your beauty come!
Even though ye linger but an hour,
Still make my heart your home!—OLD BALLAD.

Though both Georgiana Alleya and Celine Tracy had coldly and determinedly each wrapped themselves in the snowy mantle of their own purposes, hopeless, aimless affections, yet was the motive that often started the tear in secret, causing it to well over the surcharged lid, falling unseen and in silence, very different in either.

Gentle and sensitive, the source of Celine's tears were nearer the surface. She wept that Frank Stanley could have allowed any circumventing of Mrs. Clemon's to have prevented him making an explanation such as, under the circumstances, she felt she had a right to expect; wept, too, his long estrangement, never pausing to remember that having parted so coldly he could not be supposed certain that farther demonstration would be well received.

But when Georgiana wept (which she often did) in her heart's young desolation, while pacing her own darkened chamber at deep midnight, to have seen her then, one would have felt that tears like hers—those big, scalding, passion drops, were wrung only from a surcharged breast, after a hard struggle to control them. And one of these hard struggles had now been hers.

Our travellers had returned, and while Celine, blushing and tearful, kissed the small billet that asked permission to call on her the next morning, placing it within her breast, having read the few lines closing with "your devoted Stanley" over a score of times, she still paced the room, asking, "How shall I meet him? How acknowledge my own egregious folly?"—all the past, forgotten, merged in the glowing hope of meeting him on the morrow.

Very different, however, were the feelings that a perfumed note to the same effect, from Barabino, raised in the proud breast of Georgiana Alleya. "I dare not meet him again!" came choking forth, as she raised the well-remembered handwriting to her lips—and only those who have loved with the deep intensity with which she had given her all of hope and faith to his keeping, can appreciate her self-denial, as his note was stayed on its way and placed on the table.

"Oh, this is weak—contemptible! If we meet, he or I will refer to Algenon's death; and what though he be blameless, would not the world load me with indignities—raising up the ghost of my past regard for Pedro at a time when mocked at and scorned by him, who, like the feared Genii of the Lamp, held me fettered by a word and a ring? I forget that my affections were stronger than my reason; and he—~~he~~—will accuse me of inconsistency!—accuse me of change and inconstancy, so that I either must refuse to see him—or else, in truth, that cares not to round its periods—in phrase unknown to hypocrites, that I must tell him we have both sufficiently erred already." And, pale and tearful, the usually self-possessed woman sat down by the window, in the darkness, wringing her cold hands as, sob after sob, all her courage departed. Every future step seemed calculated to degrade her in her own eyes. Should she receive him, she shuddered at the comments she feared would arise on the subject; still, beyond all other dread was that of doing aught to forfeit her claim to his own respect. Had he not known her weakness, and was she not at his mercy? Of all other wretchedness, this was the worst—there, indeed, the iron entered her soul! When he had seen her neglected by a degraded, grovelling, brutalized husband—left in unshared loneliness in a foreign land—he had been all tenderness, all devotion—alive only to the emotions and passion of the moment. But now that years had passed, and the effluence of adoration had subsided, how had he learned to look upon than months' night in Paris, when his first

well his, so ardently impressed on her lips; had been returned? How had he, when no longer deluded by the fascination of her beauty, grown to look upon that interview? What though in the eyes of the world she had lost none of her purity or cold staidness, so long as he knew that she had been weak and culpable at heart, what mattered it that she had been alike to blame? Had she not heard him speak in scorn of those who, by whatever dereliction, had forfeited their position in society? Moreover, was she not aware of man's impurity in all that relates to passion? Oh, then, how her proud spirit yearned to recall the past—yearned the more, as she felt, should he choose, he could crush her to the very earth with his disdain—ay, crush her even to the grave, while standing proudly erect, he could defy her utmost power to bow his haughty head, or enlaid a single sympathy in her behalf!

Then what wonder that the proud woman wept there in the darkness—alone with her soul's strong agony—yearning to recall the past; but alas! how vainly—feeling in their full intensity the madness of the reflection that comes too late—voluntarily her own self-torture! Then again would she resolve to meet him, and search for at least a partial excuse for the imprudence of the past. How refuse to meet him, while her heart still yearned toward him with irrepressible affection? She would meet him, but still her heart's every throb until reinstated in his good opinion—proving to him that the error of a single moment in the past had exerted no baneful influence over the present—where every act of her life was one undeviating course of duty. Yet, amid all her forced calmness, would the fear ever intrude that what had been to him but the passing adventure of an hour, might be to her future a long memory of bitterness; therefore did the thought of the meeting on the morrow come over her with the icy chill of the death pang.

The next morning Celine Tracey gave unusual attention to her toilet, much to the surprise of old Ninon, having tried on the third dress before suited with her appearance—when, returning to the glass to arrange a stray ringlet, a loud, decisive ring at the hall bell sent a bright blush to her cheek and a smile to her lip, as snatching up a bouquet she had arranged with much painstaking, she sped with arrowy feet down the stairs, and was seated, apparently absorbed in the advertising columns of the morning's paper, although her fluttering breast and fast coming breath would to an observer have betrayed her agitation, even before Hudson threw open the door, announcing "Mr. Stanley!"

At the same hour, Georgiana Alleyn, ill and feverish, unable to dress, or even leave her room, wrote a few hurried words with a pencil, asking Barabino to defer calling till evening, expressing a wish for him to know her father—telling him she was ill, too ill to welcome him then, but hoping to see him in health, when she had many friends to inquire about, if he had no engagement to prevent him from calling that evening. She read the note several times; it seemed so strongly cold she would gladly have amended it, but it grew late, her head ached, her fevered pulse throbbed, and unable to trace another line, she dispatched it to the St. Charles Hotel. Throwing herself on her bed, she lay, her face buried in the pillows, retarding time's progress by counting the moments of its flight, until the door was softly opened by her maid, Blanche, who presented a letter. Making a sign to be left alone, the intelligent attendant left the room, when Georgiana impatiently tore the envelope open, blushing scarlet at the contrast it afforded to her own overstrained, artificial note.

The contents, like all she had ever received from Barabino, were brief, sincere and manly. He acquiesced in the prudence and propriety of her decision to see him in the evening, when assured that her father would be present; and without ever referring to past imprudence, reminded her only of their long-time friendship, which he declared on his part to be immutable—promising to call in the evening, and pledging himself, so long as privileged to do so, to religiously respect her wishes in all matters else.

Georgiana felt bound to confess to herself that though this was all she could have asked, still that she was most thoroughly dissatisfied. Her pride was wounded that her refusal to see him had not seemed to raise either resentment or despair. She was not—after all her night's pre-arrangement, all her tears and magnanimous resolves—to have then the anticipated triumph of combating the passion she felt only slumbered but was not extinguished.

Placing the letter, not as Celine had done, in her breast, but on the table near, Georgiana Alleyn rose from her bed, her cheek glowing with the flush of a high resolve. She would meet him with at least forced composure; he should not triumph in her weakness. She would dress plainly and in her accustomed mourning, endeavoring in all things to be consistent.

As evening drew on this determination gave an energy that rendered her superb beauty really dazzling. Tedious as was her toilette, she felt no weariness, for lying on her table she found a beautiful bouquet, selected with reference to her own peculiar choice of flowers that had made Barabino's offerings so dear in Paris. Blanche told her they had been sent with the letter, but she had left them there thinking her mistress too ill to care for them! Nor did she notice that they were pressed more than once to her mistress's lips as descending to the parlor for the evening.

Nothing is more tedious than the time that intervenes while waiting an expected guest. At least so thought Colonel Sheffield, who, wearied with walking the room, brought his daughter's guitar, asking her to sing. Instantly complying, her rich, clear voice broke forth in the following

SONG.
Oh, ask me not to sing to-night!
I dare not task my feeble powers;
Dejection casts her chilling blight,
Alike in love or festal hours.
Sad thoughts that slumber start to life,
Woke by some old and plaintive strain,
Then ask me not to sing the lays
I could not sing again!

The loved, the lost, the joys of youth,
And every record of the past,
My ill-starred love—its faith, its truth—
Though wronged and scorned, true to the last.
The friends, the hopes of early days,
To memory rise in every strain,
Then ask me not to sing the lays
I never may sing again!

Thus sang Georgiana Alleyn, the assumed calm giving place to a nervousness such as she had never before experienced. Stanley and others had often thought her stinging cold and deficient in feeling; had he heard her then, the ceasure had been recalled, and even Celine's warblings, though superior in the quality of the voice, pronounced inferior to the exquisite strain that engraved itself upon the heart of at least one of her auditors. She had taken the guitar at her father's bidding, to while away the time and banish anxious thoughts; but the selecting of her song, as well as the exquisite burst of feeling that accompanied her performance, told that her emotions were beyond her own control. The chords still vibrated, the tears gathered in her dark eyes still glittered there, her drooping head still rested, supported by her small white palms, on the chair's back, when a sudden ringing at the hall bell sent the blood careering over cheek and brow, receding as swiftly, leaving her face as white and cold as marble.

The next moment the servant had flung open the parlor door, and Barabino stood before her.

"Good evening! I have the pleasure of addressing Colonel Sheffield; I met you many years ago in New Haven," said he with the open frankness of manner which, when united with elegance and manly beauty, as in his case, was ever irresistible. He approached the chair where Georgiana sat; for a single moment the large earnest eyes were raised to his, as he drew near with outstretched hand—hers stiffened in his grasp. She felt her doom for good or ill to be sealed, but could not speak. The vivid lips parted with an inarticulate sound, as she seemed turned to stone, every feature fixed in a silent agony he could not comprehend, though a sudden impulse, a lightning-like perception showed that the dark eyes swimming in tears were unchanged in their regard, and for a moment his own frame shook beneath the light touch of her slender fingers, as he stood silent before her. But immediately rallying, he entered into an animated conversation with the colonel, who attributed his daughter's abstraction wholly to reminiscences of Paris—her husband—and that husband's friends. Gradually, as those music tones to which her heart's strings had ever vibrated too wildly true, fell in their withering sweetness on her ear, Georgiana's faded, colorless cheek regained its own rich hue, as the torpor that had wrapped and chilled, was dispelled and a new hope awakened—a vague and anxious hope; still it was hope, and as such she took it to her heart and blessed it. Not once had he spoken to her—not once had she after his first entrance dared to raise her eyes to his, as he sat on the sofa at the opposite side of the room, conversing in his usual brilliant way with her father. But she felt that his gaze was fixed upon her—fixed in all its burning intensity, in a strange mixture of love, pity and triumph, as she sat there, her beautiful face bowed before him, as if the fluttering heart beneath was so crushed it could never throb to love or joy again.

Not very long did the colonel remain. His growing infirmities compelled early hours. Shaking hands cordially with the young man, whose father had been dear to him in years past for his honorable misfortunes, the old gentleman wished him to return to his daughter as he had done, as he had done, he left the room. For a moment after the door was closed, Barabino leaned against the mantel-piece as for support, his teeth pressed upon the now pale lip, in the endeavor to suppress all utterance of hope or wish, or memory of all the lava torrent that swept with fiery vehemence beyond his impulsive temper's control. Moving to where she sat, her eyes still bent to the floor, he raised her hand in his.

"Georgiana, look up! Will you not recognize—not speak to me?"

Her brow contracted, and her hands fell by her side as she painfully gasped for breath. Gentle and fond as was his tone, she for the first time shrank in fear from the speaker, a sob as from one choking for breath came, and then those earnest eyes were again raised to his—the cold hand laid on his, as if to repel his advances, relaxed in the grasp of the slender fingers, as her corpse-like cheek seemed turned to stone. Grasping both her hands convulsively, he asked,

"Will you not speak to me, Georgiana—but one word to say you have not learned to hate me?"

His tone was earnest, and he was evidently hurt. She raised her head and the exertion brought a more life-like hue to her cheek. He retained the cold hands in his grasp, as he took a seat beside her, endeavoring to speak on indifferent topics, yet was it manifest that he did this for her sake, and not from any wish of his. She comprehended the delicacy and was grateful, and her cheek flushed with its wonted brilliancy, as she marked his look still bent on her, as though to read her inmost thought, and noted the variations of his tone. She had not yet spoken, when he asked,

"And you, Georgiana, how have you been in all these weary months?"

"Well, quite well," but still the long dark eyelashes rested on her crimson cheek; she dared not meet the searching gaze bent down upon her, then.

"And have you no word of welcome for me, Georgiana—after all my wanderings, I was so restless and impatient to meet you again, yet now I

stand speechless before you; for the deeper, the more intense the feeling, the less able the tongue to plead its cause. I have much to say, but the words die on my lips, while yours, Georgiana, refuse even a welcome."

Again her brow contracted, and she turned away with a troubled and clouded look.

He continued, "I waited on the steps to-night, while you were singing. I felt every tone vibrating along, and swaying my heart's chords. It was the same song you sang for me so often in Paris."

"Oh in mercy! In very pity, never allude to that time, for my sake, Pedro!"

At that name, the second time she had ever called him thus, Barabino sprung to his feet as though electrified.

"And why not, Georgiana? Was it not there I first met and loved? Was it not there I found you, consigned by an unloving and unrelenting husband to neglect and solitude, rioting and gambling your wealth, while he left your youth and beauty and hopes to moulder away a death of lingering tortures?"

"Alas, it was but too true!" whispered the tearful woman, glad that the Rubicon, so dreaded, was crossed, and a solution to all of the past offered, too soothing to be rejected.

"And yet, while thinking that you love me still, Georgiana, the memory of this man, who base and grovelling by nature, (witness the wreck he effected for a time of my sister Ines' peace,) abandoned you, not for any caprice, but that your father refused to place your property longer at his disposal, his worthless memory is cherished, while my tried devotion is met with coldness and reserve; is this consistent, Georgiana, is it reasonable?"

"What other course is left me?"

"What other course? Be mine! The wide, wide world lies before us. We have youth and competence. If you fear the invidious censure of jarring tongues—it is easy to blot other New Orleans or Paris from the map of our love-plan; and travelling for a few years to come, realize that each has chosen from out the world, that may condemn if it will, one loving heart whereon to forget the trials of the past, and pillow their hopes for the future."

When holding her hands, he had seated himself by her side, Georgiana Alleyn must have expected this, still it was vaguely, and as a long-hoped-for, still far-distant vision, seen dimly through the mists of a long perspective. It was too sudden, too blissful to appear real; she felt bewildered—the events of the day, the long vigil of the previous night, the morning's unrest and fever, the evening's timid joy, its fears, its hopes had all been too much, the emotion was too great to contend against, the drooping head fell on his breast, the waxen lids closed—she had fainted.

Differently, as had been all the gentle, trusting, easily satisfied aspirations of Celine Tracey, had she met and welcomed with her own sweet sunny smile the so long-time wanderer back to his home.

When he had first entered the room, though her hand rested on the back of her chair for support, as she rose, still she mastered all emotion, replying to his questions concerning her health, spoken with an interest too warm to be feigned, too delicate to offend, with her usual sweetness of smile and tone.

And yet Stanley saw traces of trial on the fair young brow and cheek; that showed her struggle to subdue all appearance of past suffering had not been without pain. He sat down conversing on indifferent subjects, his lover's hopes being apparent, although subdued. She felt the delicacy and was grateful, though not until he rose to take leave could she muster courage to say,

"But why do you never write to us, Mr. Stanley?"

"How could I? You seemed for the first time displeased, and turned from me so coldly on the morning when, in Paris, I met you at my cousin Georgiana's, at Frascati's, where I had gone partly to inquire for Algeron, but chiefly to meet yourself. After that I made several attempts to see you, but was ever coldly repulsed; how, then, hope that any letter or exclamation I could offer would be favorably received?"

He had taken her hand while speaking; she did not attempt to withdraw it, but looking down and blushing, said—

"I was a little offended, but that was all—a mistake."

Need we inform the sagacious reader that Stanley returned to his seat on the sofa, or that his "morning call" was so far extended into "the wee hours ayeon the twal," that the twin were first roused to a sense of how fleetly old time's rusty finger had told the hours by hearing the ringing of the dinner bell!

CHAPTER XVII.

When'er I give one sunny hour,
Your cloud comes o'er to shade it;
When'er I plant one blossom's dew,
Your shadow comes to fade it.—OLD SONG.

Did ye not hear it?
And louder, clearer, deadlier than before?—BYRON.

Here is the end of the work I have undertaken.—STEELE.

It had been some weeks before Mrs. Clement had sufficiently recovered from the effects of the severe shock received on the night she had attempted, with impious hand, to take her late husband's will from its long resting-place, to consign it to the flames, when arrested, as we have seen, by the weird, mysterious night shriek.

During her illness, Captain Lopez was at attention—constantly sending notes and bouquets—and yet she was not satisfied. Are our desires always bounded by reason? Perhaps not. Here might not have been; for, unsatisfied with expressions of regard that might have contented the most exacting, she yet longed—yearned to see him again. Whether guided by love or interest we shall see.

Pale but very beautiful, her elegant figure wrapped in a superbly-embroidered morning-gown of India muslin—her jetty ringlets, carefully arranged, drooping on either side her temples in long volutes to her slender waist—she received the young captain in her magnificent dressing-room. She spoke at once of the subject uppermost in the thought of both—their immediate marriage, while only pretending that her illness arose from the effect upon her sensitive mind of the sneers of interested relatives, from whose ungenerous remarks she could not possibly screen herself.

"And does that cause you a moment's hesitation, Gertrude? Is not the world wide enough wherein to breathe our vows of love and fidelity? Return with me to Europe; there, beneath the blue skies of Italy, 'mid the mountain paths of Switzerland, the smiling plains of France, the vine-trellised dales of my own native Spain—I will every where be to you a loyal friend, lover—everything you can require."

"You have not said a husband."

He frowned, turned pale, but instantly recovered his composure.

"Have I not promised to be all you can wish?"

"And yet your words have strangely humbled me."

"Why, Gertrude, distress yourself so unnecessarily?"

"I feel my error too acutely not to know that jarring tongues and hollow hearts will make the most of my sudden marriage to one so late a stranger."

"If by error you mean regard, believe me, Gertrude, it is one that the whole of this living, breathing, human world of ours are more lenient to, in their hearts, than their hypocritical permits them to acknowledge."

Moreover, you have but your own heart to consult. If you reject me, your fate is in your own hands; if you accept—my love and promise of devotion for your destiny, we will easily blot your carping relatives from the book of our remembrance."

"Yet it behoves me to be prudent," replied the politic widow.

"And will you, having once designed to raise my hopes, for so trifling a reason, now overlook the happiness you could confer on one who swears you have been his first love, as you will be his last?"

"I will not—cannot overlook it—you have my assurance. All that now remains is to have preliminaries adjusted as speedily as possible. I have a small packet of papers, quite necessary for my lawyers to look over in making the future provision I intend for yourself. I do not wish to arouse suspicion by asking Celine to look for it. Will you oblige me, Lopez, by going for it?"

You will find it in the right-hand pigeon-hole of the old secretary—here is the key—I lost them (the keys) some weeks since—I suspect that some of the servants have been tampering with the lock; but all efforts would be fruitless unless they understood the spring. My unfortunate son lost his life by struggling to pull the door open in a fit of delirium—this, and the well-known superstition of blacks, may account for my keys coming as mysteriously back as they had vanished. But I detain you. Press your thumb on the small ivory spring, inlaid among the ebony leaves, and the concealed drawer will readily open—then bring the package to me."

"Tres volunteers! but how shall I know it?"

"It is the only one, and sealed with three large black seals."

He rose—a shudder crept through Mrs. Clement's veins.

"Stay a moment—I dislike being alone since my illness, being still under much nervous prostration." Touching a tiny bell, the summons was answered by the entrance of old Ninon, who came in so immediately that to any one not wholly pre-occupied, her proximity to the keyhole was, to say the least, suspicious. "You may go now for the papers, Captain Lopez. Nurse will remain in your absence."

Bowing lowly, he left the room, entering that adjoining, where her husband and son had both met their end.

The moment he left her presence, Mrs. Clement's forced calmness altogether forsook her—her eyes started wildly—she pushed back the masses of glittering ringlets from her brow, and grasping both of Ninon's hands, looked towards the door through which he had departed with straining vision, as though fearing in its framework to see some fearful, blighting spirit, sent to blast and destroy.

She had bent forward in a listening attitude, hearing distinctly the sound of his sharp, decisive tread on the uncarpeted marble, until he stopped at the secretary and applied the key, when, starting convulsively, she bounded from her seat, still clutching Ninon's hands with the tightening grip of a death-clasp. The next instant, her bloodless lips became livid and purple, as again arose that long, long deadly shriek—but longer, louder, deadlier than ever before—the terror-stricken Spaniard backing into the room by one door, as Celine, pale as statuary marble, rushed in at the other.

"Oh, aunt, look at me!—don't look so stormy—don't. Oh, let Hudson be called, Captain Lopez is here—let the room be searched—oh, this is really fearful!" she exclaimed, as shriek after shriek rose on the stillness there. Pale as death, yet did not his presence of mind for one moment forsake Captain Lopez. Approaching Mrs. Clement where she stood, erect and trembling, as though smitten by a bolt from heaven, he placed his arm round her before Celine's offered support could prevent the rudeness—a rudeness never before ventured upon in her presence, as he said, in a soothing tone,

"Try to be comforted, my dear Mrs. Clement. Let this be rigorously searched into. Did it ever occur before?"

But rigid and speechless as a statue, Mrs. Clement's livid lips only parted, she could not speak; while Celine was too busy with conjecture as to the motive that could have taken the Spaniard into that ever-closed room, out of which she had seen him come when the first weird wail had sent her flying pale and trembling to her aunt's presence. She did not reply to the question too much occupied with her own busy thought and alarm.

But Ninon, unincumbered by either, and perhaps intent chiefly to reassure her young mistress, answered with peculiar intonation,

"Oh, yes, sir, plenty times! It all comes just so sure as any stranger attempts to meddle at the master's secretary. Master Algeron got killed by the spirit, and mistress got near killed one night not long since when she tried to open it."

The Spaniard frowned, turned pale, and loosening his clasp round the rigid form of Mrs. Clement, stood aloof in silence.

Celine raised her head with a sudden start, her eyes met the shrinking look of the so usually self-possessed Mrs. Clement, whose livid lips quivered, but did not open, while her corpse-like cheek rested, as she fell gradually back, on the dark cushions of her chair, when a faintness came that for a moment released her from hearing the shrill, dead-like shriek, that clear and weird-like reverberated through the still immensity of the house. When she again unclosed her eyes, Celine was still kneeling by her, shading her hands, and old Ninon bathing her temples with cologne. She rose, looked inquiringly around, as though to see if Captain Lopez still was near, then as memory came back, sank down again, shutting down her eyelids with her hands, as though to shut out what was or what might be.

"Shall Hudson go for the doctor?" asked Ninon.

"May Hudson show the way while I search the rooms?" asked Lopez.

"There will be no use in doing either," replied Celine, with quiet collectedness. "This mysterious night-shriek has always resounded, as Ninon has already told you, whenever a stranger attempted to open my late uncle Clement's secretary, or meddle with the papers kept therein. The house has always been subjected to a rigorous search, but never has any light yet been thrown on the mystery—the wild nocturnal shriek ever dying away as unaccountably as it arose."

"You had to pass by the room, Miss Tracey, to reach this; did you see nothing stirring as you passed?"

"You forget that it is a room so fraught with fearful recollections as to be ever closed; moreover, the hour is late, and most of the servants in bed. I met none on my way here save a poor idiot boy, belonging to Mr. Stanley."

"Why was he here after the hour prescribed by law? Is it habitual, or is he so protected by a pass as to be able to wander the city streets at will?"

"He cannot have a pass, since he came early in the evening to bring a book; but he belonged formerly to our family, and often remains all night. But why trouble yourself about our servants?"

"Because," interrupted the Spaniard impetuously, "I would trace out that infernal yell, or bring every slave on the premises to the lash, until I had found it out."

Celine's pale brow crimsoned, and her voice though low was firm and fearless as she answered,

"It is well that our slaves belong to owners both capable and powerful enough to protect them from foreign interference."

Livid with suppressed rage, the Spaniard bit his lip to keep down the earthquake tempest awaiting within, as, bowing haughtily, he was about to withdraw, when Mrs. Clement, with a convulsive start, sprang forward. "Oh, stay! I dare not be left alone! Celine, love, go to your room—that fearful cry has ended—go, love, and try to sleep; Captain Lopez will remain a little longer. If I need you I will ring for Minette. Now leave me."

Deeply hurt, that a stranger was preferred to her long tried, affectionate care, Celine rose from where she had knelt by her aunt's side, and, followed by her faithful Ninon, left the room.

Left to the solitude of her own chamber, the young girl found it impossible to calm her thoughts, or compose them for sleep. Long had she lain on her bed, with her clothes still on, when she heard Captain Lopez descend the stairs, and knew by the light tread that repassed her door that it had been her aunt's maid, Minette, who had unlocked the door for his exit. Somewhat relieved she had buried her fearful face in the pillow, when a slight rustling sound startled her, and suddenly raising her head every pulsation ceased, as her eyes rested in a wild fixed stare upon a tall figure that silently and slowly opened the door between her room and that adjoining her old nurse's. The fearful apparition was enveloped in a long white sheet, on which the moonbeams rested, as it stealthily and still advanced into the room. A cold faintness, as of death, was fast spreading itself through Celine's frame—in vain she essayed to speak or move, her tongue clave to her parched mouth, and she was about to crouch back in helpless terror, when the tall figure, raising up the long wrapping-sheet, flung it aside, and, advancing nearer, said in well-known tones, and oh how welcome! "Miss Celine, are you awake?"

"Yes, but oh, nurse—how you have frightened me!"

"How, Miss Celine?"

"That fearful sheet—"

"What, dear? Oh, I had to put it on, for in case I bin heard—look-a-here!" and she held up a sealed package, exultingly.

"What have you got, nurse?"

"Four uncle's will, Miss Celine! I allers knew where it bin hid, and Hudson and me bin trying the key agin and agin—but to-night I heard mistress tell that Spaniard cap'n how to touch the ivory spring, and open the drawer; so when the cap'n got why he didn't get it, but come back more frightened nor he went, I spec."

"Then you knew he went for this? I thought you in bed, Ninon."

"Not I! when you catch old Ninon asleep, Miss Celine, you catch a weasel asleep. When mistress sent to-day for that Spaniard cap'n, I knew it was for no good, so I bin listen, (I allers do,) so I jest heard all I needed—and that was how the drawer was to be opened."

"Yet that fearful shriek!—oh, Ninon!—it curdles my blood to but think of it!"

"It's very dreiful, for sartin!" replied the imperturbable Ninon, rearranging the folds of her sheet before the glass, as were wishing a quiet night and sleep to her young mistress, she set out on a tramp of discovery to look for both Hudson and Edmon. The former she found asleep; awakening him they sought in all the lower rooms for Edmon, but he was gone, having escaped by the hall door in the confusion, and though they anxiously searched in every imaginable nook for the diminutive dwarf, they were fated to never see him more.

When Ninon had left her, Celine's eyes were fixed on the black-shaded will before her, her every faculty excited to comprehend why it had been so strangely guarded—why secreted—or why Mrs. Clement wished to get it from so long concealment, save to destroy.

"Perhaps I misjudge her—perhaps she thought that, pre-dated to the one acted upon, it could be of no consequence. But then, why this anxiety of both herself and son to get possession of it? Colonel Sheffield has repeatedly told me a prior will could be discovered, my aunt must at once give up all she now claims through that made and signed when my poor uncle lay dying, a helpless imbecile. And Stanley says his father had felt assured of my uncle being in a state of worse than dotage, actual mind-prostration, even before he married her. No, I will not hand it to her to-morrow, as my first impulse counselled. I like not this meddling foreigner she has taken a fancy to. When I saw her laying out her graces to entrap my Uncle Tracey in Paris, I approved her choice and she would have been delighted. Then, when she for a while overruled him, with his splendid talents, like a ball at the rebound, I reckoned as widows seeking quiet for a while with one above such lures, in Georgiana. Then comes along this Lopez, heralded even in our newspapers as guilty of all manner of evil, and to him she intrusts the secret of the drawer, where her own fears of the dead would not let her enter. No, not to her or him, shall this precious will of my own blessed uncle be again entrusted; but so sure as to-morrow dawns for me, do I place it, where I have given myself, in Frank Stanley's honest keeping!"

Then seeing the light glimmering from the adjoining room, she rung for Ninon, who, holding the candle stood by, while the beautiful girl, unconscious of the nervous eagerness of her gaze, read the document with a changing cheek, and closed the perusal with a long deep drawn sigh.

"Wake me early to-morrow, good Ninon, and send Hudson to Mr. Stanley with the note I will give you—very early, remember."

The next evening as Stanley was standing by Celine, looking at her birds and flowers, the sound of a banjo, swept in a masterly style, struck him as similar to the manner of the minstrel of the masquerade. He mentioned the circumstance to Celine, who laughed at the idea of his being so mystified, saying,

"It is Hudson, he often plays for the servants of an evening."

A few minutes later, that worthy passed by, to light the hall lamp.

"Did you ever tell fortunes, Hudson?" asked Stanley.

"artin, master—once, in particular."

"Who wrote the note that gained your entrance to the masquerade?"

"It can't do no harm to tell it, master. Capen Tracey felt mighty affronted at Master Algeron going at such a time to a masquerade, so he speak his mind about it to Lieutenant O'Callaghan, and it was as wrote it—that's all, sir."

A year later, and a large family party had assembled at Colonel Sheffield's, on the occasion of his daughter's marriage to Pedro Barabino. Captain Tracey and his beautiful young bride Eulalie Vidall, were there, and Vidall and his sweet wife, Constance, and another lately wedded pair. The gentlemen's faces were bronzed by exposure by the sun, and the ladies' faces were pale as death, and in the midst of the masquerade, the masked and veiled guests, the circumstance to Celine, who laughed at the idea of his being so mystified, saying,

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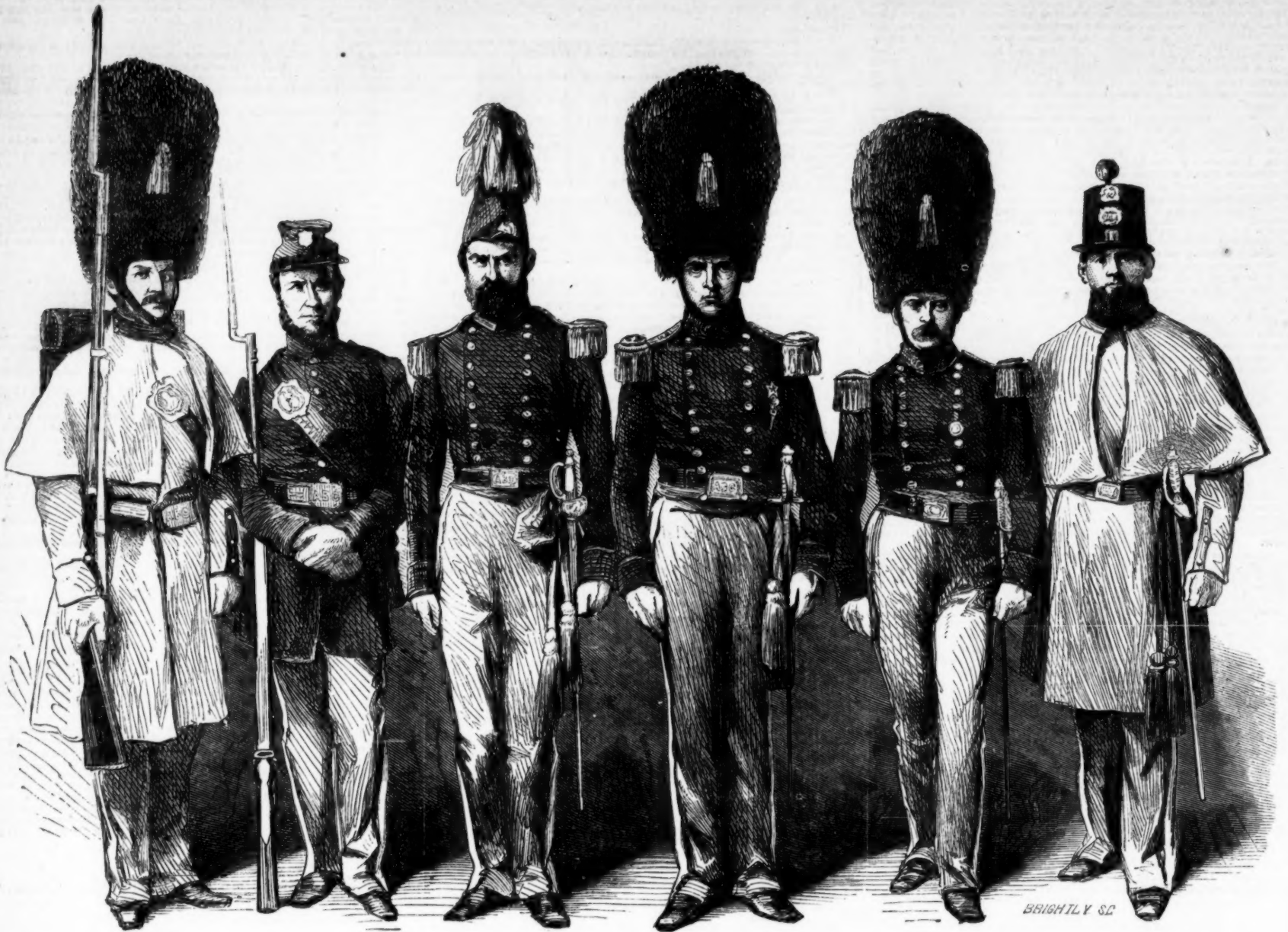
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Sergt. in Full Winter Uniform.

Assistant Quartermaster W. G. Wedd in Full Dress.
Private in Fatigue Dress.

Captain R. B. Spelman. Full Dress.

Lieutenant Hale Kingsley. Full Dress.

Quartermaster John McMichael. Winter Uniform.

COSTUME OF THE ALBANY BURGESS CORPS, FULL AND FATIGUE DRESS.

WINTER SPORTS IN MONTREAL.

Written for Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

Few New Yorkers are aware that they are within a day's journey of the Arctic regions, but such is the fact. While they are luxuriating in spring, the Montrealers are blockaded up with snow and enjoying themselves at the penalty of occasional frozen noses.



FIRST JOURNEY IN SNOW-SHOES.

While the Broadway *mob* saunters down his promenade in the newest style of hat, kids and patents, the Great St. James street dandy is wrapped up in his white blanket-coat, with red sash and *capuchon*, and shod with the aboriginal moccasins. I rather think a "dandy Broadway swell" would shudder with disgust at the mere thought of a blanket-coat and moccasins, but I can tell him if he has lived in broadcloth all his life, he has yet to learn what comfort is.

Very few who have not visited Canada, and especially the Lower Province, really understand the true state of affairs. Americans, like old country people, look upon Canada as a narrow strip of land somewhere in the North, containing some very large lakes, producing some tolerable timber, and peopled by a very turbulent set of fellows indeed. They have a sort of indistinct idea that in summer the people seek the welcome shade of the forest trees, and in winter live within doors and seal themselves hermetically up from the cold, employing their time in filling the stoves with birch, beech and maple. I believe that strangers would readily credit me if I told them that in winter you may pull off two or three frozen toes along with your boots, and that in summer you run the gauntlet of sun-stroke and general unctuous dissolution.

I have just returned from a visit to some friends in Montreal. I felt it rather cold at first, but with wrappings and warm hearts around me I soon defied Jack Frost. For the first few days of my visit the thermometer was far below zero, but it gradually rose to several degrees above, and then the weather was delightful. One morning, at the breakfast-table, it was proposed to get up a "snow-shoeing" and "taboganing" party for that evening. They promised to indoctrinate me into the mysteries of the sport and furnish me with the necessary accoutrements. The almanac was first consulted, and the result very satisfactory, as it announced a full moon at seven o'clock. Early in the evening our party began to arrive. The gentlemen were dressed for the occasion in their blanket-coats and moccasins, and each had his snow-shoes tied upon his back, while the ladies wore thick capes and fur-caps. Some of my readers have probably seen the "snow-shoe" and "tabogan" in museums; to those who have not I must attempt to describe them. The snow-shoe is made of a strong frame something in the shape of a kite, but

instead of the paper of the kite, it has a strong network of deer's sinews. The shoe is strapped on to the toes only, and in such a way that when you raise your foot the front of it is lifted up, while the back part trails on the snow. The "tabogan" or "Indian sleigh" is a long, thin board of ash, gracefully turned up at the bows, generally six or eight feet in length, two or three feet in breadth and one-fourth of an inch in thickness. The red man of the forest used the snow-shoe and tabogan to carry his wares over the fields of snow, but the Canadian youth have put them to very different uses. What was an article of necessity to the Indian the juvenile pale faces have turned into a source of amusement. Fancy on the one hand the poor Indian travelling over the trackless wastes of snow, dragging behind him his "tabogan" laden deep with his little marketing and spare linen. And now turn to the other picture, and see Augustus Wilkins going cheerily along with a pretty girl on his arm and a cushioned tabogan dragging behind! Young New York, fancy yourself one of such a party—say a unit of five couples. You have a fast "tabogan"—you know you like that qualification—and as you buckle on your armor and tie your sash by the glass, you feel bound to say that the dress is rather becoming after all. While making these observations you are told the party is waiting for you. You go down to the parlor and are introduced to a pretty girl, and given to understand that she is placed in your charge for the rest of the evening. Tell me, wouldn't you like that? I know I did.

When all the party had assembled we set forth in the direction of the mountain, which rises to a considerable height in the rear of the city. You first ascend a steep ridge, and then you reach a level table land. Here and along this ridge is the Fifth Avenue, or Belgravia, of Montreal. A short walk brought us to the fields. Here we put on our snow-shoes, assisting the ladies with theirs, and struck off from the highway. My instructions were to step boldly out, taking longer steps than usual. I did so, but alas! I put one shoe upon the other, and in the attempt to lift the other foot I fell helplessly forward, burying my head deep into a snow-drift. Of course they all laughed, but they were in such good humor that I rather enjoyed the laugh. I soon improved, and became, in a short time, a respectable "snow-shoer." The snow was so deep that we could walk over the fences. After a ten minutes' walk we reached the foot of the hill. We found several parties there already, waiting for the moon to rise. The hill is long and in some places steep, and the ascent was rather laborious; but when we arrived at the top we were amply repaid for the fatigue. Montreal lay at our feet. The din of the town and the distant chimes of the sleigh-bells came upon the cold still air. The tinkle of the tabogan bell and the distant sounds of merry voices away down the hill, as yet in gloom, told of some approaching party. Even the baying of the dogs far away down below sounded distinctly in the stillness. We waited anxiously for the moon. Everything was in profound shade, though the stars innumerable twinkled brightly in the pure atmosphere. "Ha! there is the moon at last!" exclaimed my fair partner. We all looked in the direction. Like a huge ball of fire she rose from behind the lofty peaks of Bellemore. For a time red and fiery, she rose rapidly from the horizon, but gradually, as by magic, dissolved into the pale, cold orb which spread her silvery light over the darkness. What a beautiful picture was then spread out before us! Far away beyond the city stretched the mighty St. Lawrence, now bound with its icy chains, and beyond rose the majestic Bellemore and the peaks of the Green Mountains of Vermont, while immediately behind us "Mount Royal" towered abruptly. My poetical musings were abruptly dispelled by my fair friend's anxiety to ride. Our party resolved to "start fair" and have a "royal race" for it. My partner sat down in the front of the tabogan, taking the cords in her hands. I sat down behind to guide the sleigh. My precious freight threw herself back into my

arms to let me see the course. The word was given and off we started—slowly at first, but soon like the wind. I was doomed to be as unfortunate in my "sliding" as in my snow-shoeing. A sleigh immediately before us dashed the snow into my face and blinded me so that I lost all idea of where we were going. In my excited blindness I struck the wrong hand into the snow, the sleigh swung round, poised for an instant on its edge and then went over, rolling us with tremendous impetus half down the hill. When I picked myself up I went in search of my charge. I found her at a little distance laughing heartily. I went up with a thousand apologies on my lips, but she relieved me with—

"Well, Mr. C—, isn't this glorious sport? I hope you are not hurt?"—and the pretty girl laughed away as she shook the dry snow out of her ringlets. I found my tabogan at the bottom of the hill. I succeeded better afterwards, and we managed to reach the bottom of the hill at the same time with the tabogan—a thing which I was gratified to see did not always happen. My advice to New Yorkers is, if you have a friend in Montreal or Quebec, pay him a visit when the moon is full (nothing lunatic intended). He will be glad to see you, and you will spend such a week with young Canada as will make you regret when Saturday comes round.

THE St. Louis Leader says the Countess of Lansfeldt, Lola Montez, is lying dangerously in that city.



"TABOGANING," OR INDIAN SLEIGH RIDING.

SKETCHES FROM CHINA.

CANTON STREET GUARD.—REELING SILK-WORM COCOONS.

THE first portrait sketch shows one of the Canton guards. A considerable portion of the land forces are a mere municipal police; and as we find it stated among the allotted duties of a Chinese soldier, "the timid to guard the gate," the soldier here portrayed may not be very formidable, notwithstanding his show of arms.

Chinese military maxims are often beautiful in theory; take, for instance, "The army may be one hundred years unemployed, but not a single day unprepared;" and their articles of war and some of their military laws are such as, if judiciously enforced, ought to insure a formidable army.

Thus, according to their articles of war they say: "In the day of battle press forward bravely; whoever through fear saves his life, shall be decapitated and his head exposed as a warning. To kill an enemy shall be rewarded as a meritorious act. If a soldier is killed, his family are compassionated. The coward, i. e., the conquered, cannot live: if he rushes forward it is not certain that he dies, but if he draws back it is impossible that he can live. Let the officers inculcate this principle on the men, that they may doubtless be brave, and killing the thieves, their enemies, meritoriously distinguish themselves." The policy of this article is, however, to say the least, questionable; and lamentable effects of it were seen at Chang-keang-fou, which was defended solely by Tartars, whose ancestors had, two hundred years before, put the finishing stroke to the conquest of China, by a most brilliant exploit in that very place. It was then one of the largest cities in the country, and in its own province of Kiang-tsu, second only in importance to Nankin, the capital. The Tartars crossed the Yang-tse-kiang on the ice, and took the city by a *coup de main*. The first Emperor of the Manchou dynasty gave it them as a prize, and in their hands it had since remained subject entirely to Tartar laws and customs. The original natives inhabited the suburbs which grew up around it, and became their servants. In the first watch a curfew tolled for the close of the gates, when all Chinese had to leave the walled city, which was essentially Tartar, and of all places threatened the greatest resistance to a foreign foe. But the city walls were deserted or nearly so, and the greater part of the garrison as they retreated from street to street made but a slight defence, while not a few preferred suicide—some, perhaps, from a high but mistaken sense of honor, which forbade them flying or falling alive into the enemy's hands; others from a dread of the hard fate which awaited them at the hands of their own countrymen, if they survived the capture of their posts.

All the other Chinese military maxims are equally disregarded—in short, in a Chinese camp of the present day there is little or no discipline. This should not be the case where merit alone (at least so say the edicts) can make a military Mandarin, all alike rising from the ranks. Under the head of military laws may be mentioned the following: Protection of the palace, the person of the Emperor, and his apartments, together with those of his Empress, the Empress mother, and grandmother. Military forces, except in great emergency, cannot be called out without the sanction of the Emperor; and every movement must be reported to the Commander-in-Chief, by him to the military board, and by them to the Emperor. Betrayal of trust, including defeat, is severely punished, according to rank. Protection of the frontier is under military surveillance. No person is allowed to pass without a licence, under a penalty of blows.

The second picture is of stronger domestic interest. Silk is the staple manufacture of China. In a work published by Imperial



CHINESE MILITARY GUARD. STREET SCENE IN CANTON.

authority there are numerous woodcuts, accompanied by letterpress, explanatory of the different processes of the silk manufacture, and detailing all the operations connected with the planting of the mulberry, and the gathering of the leaves, up to the final weaving of the silk. Besides the common mulberry of China, which differs somewhat from that of Europe, they occasionally, in feeding the worms, have recourse to a wild specimen of the *morus* tribe, as well as to the leaves of another tree, supposed to be a variety of ash.

The Chinese pay especial attention to the quantity of nourishment with which the silkworm is supplied; as upon this, they say, depends the quantity of silk which the worm will produce. They calculate that the same number of insects which would, if they had attained their full size in from twenty-three to twenty-five days, produce twenty-five ounces of silk, would only yield twenty ounces if their growth occupied twenty-eight days, and only ten ounces if forty days. During the first twenty-four hours of the creature's

existence, the patient Chinese feeds the object of his care forty-eight times, or once every half hour, and during the second day and night thirty times, and so on, reducing the number of meals as the worm grows older. The care bestowed on their culture, and the numerous precautions taken to preserve them clean and warm, are curiously expressed in the following extract from an old Chinese work on the subject:

"The place where their habitations are built must be retired, free from noisome smells, cattle, and all noises; a noisome smell, or the least fright, makes great impression upon so tender a breed; even the barking of dogs and the crowing of cocks are capable of putting them in disorder when they are newly hatched.

"For the purpose of paying them every attention, an affectionate mother is provided for the worms, who is careful to supply their wants: she is called *Isan-mon*, mother of the worms. She takes possession of the chamber, but not till she has washed herself, and put on clean clothes which have not the least ill smell; she must not have eaten anything immediately before, or have handled any wild succory, the smell of which is very prejudicial to these tender creatures; she must be clothed in a plain habit, without any lining, that she may be more sensible of the warmth of the place, and accordingly increase or lessen the fire; but she must carefully avoid making a smoke or raising a dust, which would be very offensive to these tender creatures, which must be carefully humored before the first time of casting their slough. Every day is to them a year, and has, in a manner, the four seasons—the morning is the spring, the middle of the day the summer, the evening the autumn, and the night the winter."

The scene of the illustration, a sort of silk farm, may be thus described from Davis's excellent work, "The Chinese." "When the worms have cast their several skins, reached their greatest size, and assumed a transparent yellowish color, they are removed into places divided into compartments, preparatory to their spinning. In the course of a week after the commencement of spinning the silken cocoons are complete, and it now becomes necessary to take them in hand before the pupæ turn into moths, which would immediately bore their way out, and spoil the cocoons. When a certain number, therefore, have been laid aside for the sake of future eggs, the pupæ in the bulk of the cocoons are killed by being placed in jars under layers of salt and leaves, with a complete exclusion of air. They are subsequently placed in moderately warm water, which dissolves the glutinous substance that binds the silk together, and the filament is wound off upon reels. This is put up in bundles of a certain size and weight, and either becomes an article of merchandise under the name of "raw silk," or is subjected to the loom, and manufactured into various stuffs for home or for foreign consumption. Notwith-

standing the apparent simplicity of their looms, they will imitate exactly the newest and most elegant patterns from England or France. The Chinese particularly excel in the production of damasks and flowered satins. Their crape has never yet been perfectly imitated; and they make a species of washing silk, called at Canton *ponge*, which becomes more soft as it is longer used."

REV. CALVIN COLTON, well known as the writer of the "Junius Tracts," a series of political papers of great popularity in the campaign of 1840, and also editor of the "Speeches and Correspondence of Henry Clay," died a few days since at Savannah, Ga., whither he had gone in pursuit of health. He was a gentleman of highly respectable character, and a writer of considerable ability.

Four millions of dollars have been spent in the search for the unfortunate navigator, Sir John Franklin.



SCENES OF REELING SILK FROM THE COCOONS OF THE SILKWORM, AS PRACTISED BY THE CHINESE.

GENERAL WALKER STILL TRIUMPHANT.

Our paper, from its commencement, has never wavered in its belief that General Walker would maintain himself as the deliverer of Nicaragua. In the darkest hours of his history, as represented to us by his enemies, we have never for a moment despaired. We know the man, and believe that he is destined to achieve great ends, to regenerate the decaying governments now in the hands of the mongrel Spanish population. The Tennessee arrived at our port on Friday, March 20, bringing good news from the seat of war. The *Tribune*, not disposed to favor the filibusters, has the following among other items relating to Walker's prospects and position:

"COMFORT FOR WALKER.—Thomas C. Stryker, son of Mr. Samuel D. Stryker, of Lambertsville, N. J., who has been in the service of Walker, came passenger in the Tennessee, on his way home. He left Rivas on the 2d of March, and considered that Walker would be able to maintain his position there in spite of any force which the allies can bring against him; and if he could only obtain reinforcements to the number of about 1,600, he would be able to walk triumphantly through the whole country; but without reinforcements he must remain where he is. It appeared evident that a crisis was near at hand, which would seal Walker's fate one way or the other. Three attacks had been made by Walker upon the Costa Ricans at St. George, and he had at each time retired; but the attacking force on those occasions was too limited to accomplish such a result—that they had set out on the expedition to keep up a little excitement and thereby discourage desertion. According to intelligence received from Rivas after he left that place, the allied force attacked Rivas on the 4th of March, and lost about 400 men. Mr. Stryker feels quite sanguine of Walker's ultimate success—so much so that if he had \$1,000 worth of Walker's scrip he would not sell it at the rate of 90 cents on the dollar."

LATEST FOREIGN NEWS.

By the Cunard screw steamship *Alps*, we have the following later news from abroad:

In the House of Commons, on Tuesday, the 3d inst., the Government was defeated on Mr. Cobden's motion regarding the operations at Canton. The vote was 263 for the motion, and 247 against it. It was not thought, however, that Lord Palmerston would resign, but a dissolution of Parliament was expected to take place in May.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* telegraphs on the 3d: The Treaty of Peace with Persia has been signed this day.

Sir J. F. Crampton, late British Minister to the United States, has been appointed British Minister to the King of Hanover.

The Paris *Journal* says: We learn by the latest news from China, under date of Dec. 15, that the Court of Peking has published a decree prohibiting all subjects of the Celestial Empire from trading with the English. Disobedience is to be punished with death.

Hong Kong dates, by the Oriental mail, are to the 15th of January. There appears to have been no further operations against Canton. Dispatches from Sir John Bowring and Admiral Seymour give accounts of the attempt made to take Teatutun Fort, and of an attack upon the British shipping by a vast number of Chinese junks. The attack was well concerted, and made at low water, when the large men-of-war could not safely manoeuvre, but it was brilliantly repelled. Sir Michael Seymour had thought it wise to abandon his post at the Dutch Folly and the Factory Gardens, and had strengthened his positions at the forts lower down the river. Five hundred men were expected at Singapore. The details of the massacre of the Europeans on board the *Thistle* are also communicated in these dispatches. On the 12th of January the whole of the suburbs west of Canton were burnt by the British forces. A large fire had also taken place inside the city. The Mandarins have issued in various districts the most bloodthirsty edicts against the English, and have offered large rewards to those who may succeed in assassination or incendiarism in Hong Kong. All the Chinese have been ordered to quit the service of foreigners and return to their homes; and so powerful is the Mandarin system that disobedience entails much trouble if not positive destruction upon the relatives of the offender. The consequence is that nearly all the Chinese servants have left or are leaving.

The Spanish ministry has addressed a note to the representatives of Spain at the European courts, explaining the quarrel with Mexico. Having mentioned the murders and robberies committed on the persons and goods of Spanish subjects residing in Mexico by the soldiers of Gen. Alvarez, the present chief of the Mexican Republic, the note declares that the Spanish government does not desire to make the people and the government of Mexico responsible for these atrocious acts, if the Mexican government would only take energetic steps to repress them. In this spirit the Spanish legation in Mexico has been instructed to demand from the Mexican government the punishment of the offenders and the indemnification of the Spanish subjects who have been the victims. In order to protect its subjects, should its demands not be complied with, Spain will dispatch from Havana a large military and naval force, and will send from Spain five vessels of war, with troops, to strengthen the squadron at Havana. The expedition, in all, will consist of over forty vessels of war and a numerous army.

Denmark has dispatched her reply to the notes of Prussia and Austria on the subject of the duchies. The important point in this reply is that the Danish government rejects the demands of the two German powers, declines the intervention of the German Diet, and declares in a certain measure that the king is decided on maintaining the rights conferred to him by God and the nation. This reply has produced a most unfavorable impression at Berlin. A dispatch from Bern of the 28th ult. states that the authorities of Neuchâtel are apprehensive of a new attempt on the part of the Royalists. The Republican officers have assembled in council on the subject. The militia has received instructions to hold itself in readiness for events. The posts have been doubled, and the *gendarmes* reinforced by the guides.

Cotton dull but firm. Breadstuffs dropping. Provisions steady. Consols 93½ @ 93¾.

Nicaragua.—We have ten or fifteen days later intelligence from Nicaragua, by the arrival of the Tennessee. Colonel Lockridge has not been able to force his passage up the river, and is no nearer the lake or Walker's Camp than he was a month ago. He has made one or two attempts, however, which proved wholly unsuccessful. Colonel Titus, with a strong force, was detailed to attack Fort Castillo, but listened to the remonstrances of the allies by whom it was defended, and was completely out-generaled. Indeed, charges were rife that he had been bribed. The fort was manned by about sixty natives, under command of an Englishman. A fire was kept up all day upon the place, and next day Titus held a long parley with the commander. What passed between them is not known, except that the Englishman was willing to relinquish the place without further bloodshed; but he said that his authority did not extend so far without special permission from General Mora. Much to the chagrin of his men, who gave vent to their dissatisfaction in very audible language, he granted the Englishman an armistice of twenty-hours, and allowed him to send a messenger through his lines to General Mora, "to ask whether he should give up the fort or not." Of course, thus apprised, General Mora dispatched a reinforcement of 400 men to their assistance, and Titus, at their approach, sounded a retreat. All retired with the exception of two companies, C and B, who did not get the order, being around a hill, out of sight, and in consequence lost thirty men before they escaped. Walker holds Rivas. His position had been attacked by a large force of the allies, but they had been repulsed with very heavy loss. He has maintained himself with his accustomed courage and obstinacy, and will probably be able to hold his position for some time longer, in spite of the losses which he sustained from the skirmishes and occasional engagements which he is compelled to undertake. The reinforcements which reach him from California will probably make good his losses. The allies are at St. George. Walker has attacked St. George twice, without effect. Colonel Cayce, who brought down the Rangers to San Juan del Sur to escort Mrs. Dusenbury, was attacked on his return by a superior force of Costa Ricans, and driven into San Juan. Left again on the 7th, the day the Sierra Nevada sailed, with 75 recruits from San Francisco. Colonel Lockridge has taken Sarapiquí, and attempted Castillo; the latter failed from the cowardice of Col. Titus, who led the party. The enemy burned Castillo, but still hold the fort. Lockridge recovered one of the boats; another has been burned. He has his chief force now on Carlos Island, a short distance below Castillo; also a garrison at Sarapiquí, commanded by Col. Anderson. Titus has left him and gone round to Rivas.

The following is an official list from the Adjutant General of General Walker's army, of all the men who at various times have joined his force. This statement, which is highly interesting and important, gives the following summary:

Whole number reported.....	2,288
Whole number there.....	2,227
Aggregate deaths.....	665
Killed in action.....	131
Resigned.....	37
Discharged.....	206
Deserted.....	293
Missing.....	114
Total remaining in the army, Feb. 24.....	733

This does not include Col. Lockridge's force on the river, about 300 in all. The whole Walker force in Nicaragua at the present time is thus seen to be not far from 1,000.

ARMY.

THE ARMY IN FLORIDA.—The United States steamer *Fashion* arrived at Key West on the 15th instant, from Fort Dallas. She reported that two or more companies of troops had arrived at the Miami from Charlotte Harbor, in a starling condition. They had got out of provisions, and were obliged to kill their horses and mules for sustenance. No Indians had been seen.

Second Lieut. E. H. Bloodgood resigned his commission in the corps previous to the 1st inst.

The death of Brevet Major Waldron promotes First Lieutenant Slack to Captain, and Second Lieutenant Tattall to be First Lieutenant, vice Slack, promoted.

Captain and Brevet Major N. Sheafe Waldron, U.S.M.C., died at Fortemouth, N. H., naval station, on the 21st ult. He had been in command of that post some two years or more.

Troops are to cross the plains this spring for the protection of the overland emigrants bound for California and Oregon. Orders have been issued for the Fourth Infantry, now stationed in Oregon, to move across the country, constructing the road, for which appropriations have been made. The companies of the Sixth Infantry, now at Fort Kearney and Leavenworth, are to follow up the Platte Valley, in the old Oregon trail, and go through the mountains at South Pass. The companies stationed in Kansas are to embark at Fort Leavenworth, and ascend the Missouri in boats to Fort Benton—there to remain until relieved by the Fourth Infantry, some time in the summer, when they too will move across the route passed over by them on their march from Oregon.

NAVY.

The following is a list of the officers who have been ordered to proceed in the steamer which leaves New York on the 20th inst. for Aspinwall, N. G., and thence to Panama to join the United States ship *Decatur*, which vessel is supposed to have reached the latter port; having sailed from San Francisco early in January. On the arrival of these officers in Panama, and joining their vessel, the 4d officers and a portion of the crew whose time had expired, will return home, that ship having been in commission upwards of forty months. About twenty seamen will leave in the same steamer, under charge of the officers below named, for the *Decatur*: Commander, H. K. Thatcher; Lieutenants, John M. B. Clitz; Joseph E. De Haven; Robert W. Scott; David B. Harmony; Edward C. Stockton. Surgeon, John Ward. Assistant Surgeon, L. Cooper Lane. Purser, Felix Fenac. Boatwain, Jasper Coughlan. Gunner, James A. Lilliston. Carpenter, William Hyde. Sailmaker, Chevalier.

The Naval Court of Inquiry is still engaged in the examination of witnesses in the case of Lieut. Meade. Lieut. Barnett, on the part of the government, is being examined to-day.

Lieut. James M. Fraley has been ordered to duty at the naval rendezvous in Philadelphia, as soon as his services can be dispensed with by the Naval Court of Inquiry, before which he is a witness in the case of Lieut. Meade.

The Navy Department have information of the death of Parmer Thomas P. McBlair, U. S. N., that took place on the 17th of February, on board the U. S. steam frigate *Merrimack*, in the Gulf. His disease is said to have been of the heart. His remains were buried on the next day in the Episcopal cemetery at Santa Cruz, with the military honors due to his rank.

Capt. Berryman will have command, it is said, of the ships detailed for the Submarine Telegraph.

NEW NAVY YARD.—According to an act of Congress, Blithe Island, Brunswick, Georgia, has been selected for a new naval station. A board of officers has been appointed to make the necessary surveys in order to have the yard located in the proper place. The following officers composed this board: (apt. Jas. M. McIntosh; Commander H. J. Hartstein; Lieut. J. A. Brooke, and (apt. Engineer Calvin Browne.

APPOINTMENTS IN THE NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES.

The appointment of the following officers in the United States navy has been confirmed by the Senate:

CAPTAINS.—Theodore Bailey, from the 15th December, 1855, vice Captain Joel Abbott, deceased. Hugh Y. Purviance, from the 28th of January, 1856, vice Captain Charles Morris, deceased. William F. Lynch from the 2d of April, 1856, vice Captain Isaac McKeever, deceased. Henry W. Morris, from the 27th of December, 1855, vice Captain Bladen Dulany, deceased. Francis B. Ellison, from the 2d of March, 1857, vice Captain A. Bigelow, resigned.

COMMANDERS.—Alexander M. Pennock, from the 15th December, 1855, vice Commander T. Bailey, promoted. George F. Emmons, from the 28th of January, 1856, vice Commander H. Y. Purviance, promoted. Edward Middleton, from the 2d of April, 1856, vice Commander William F. Lynch, promoted. Thomas T. Hunter, from the 23d December, 1855, vice Commander S. Larkin, deceased. Gustavus B. Scott, from the 27th of December, 1855, vice Commander H. W. Morris, promoted. David McDougal, from the 24th of January, 1857, vice Commander J. H. Rewan, dismissed. Charles F. McIntosh, from the 2d of March, 1857, vice Commander F. B. Ellison, promoted.

LIEUTENANTS.—De Grasse Livingston, from the 18th of November, 1855, vice Lieutenant A. McKee, deceased. William A. Fitzhugh, from the 15th of December, 1855, vice Lieutenant A. M. Pennock, promoted. Trevett Abbott, from the 7th of January, 1856, vice Lieutenant George E. Morgan, deceased. Benjamin P. Loyall, from the 28th of January, 1856, vice Lieutenant G. F. Emmons, promoted. Charles F. Cushman, from the 6th of February, 1856, vice Lieutenant M. Rush, resigned. Oscar F. Stanton, from the 2d of April, 1856, vice Lieutenant E. Middleton, promoted. Wm. H. Cheever, from the 11th of May, 1856, vice Lieutenant John K. Milson, resigned. Henry A. Adams, from the 11th of May, 1856, vice Lieutenant E. H. Oakley, resigned. George Brown, from the 2d of June, 1856, vice Lieutenant T. C. Easton, deceased. Charles E. Hawley, from the 20th of June, 1856, vice Lieutenant E. Brinly, resigned. Bushrod B. Taylor, from the 31st of July, 1856, vice Lieutenant G. V. Fox, resigned. William H. Ward, from the 9th of September, 1856, vice Lieutenant Thomas Young, resigned. Robert L. May, from the 26th of September, 1856, vice Lieutenant J. S. Biddle, resigned. John W. Dunnington, from the 16th of October, 1856, vice Lieutenant James Parker, Jr., resigned. Hudson M. Garland, from the 17th of October, 1856, vice Lieutenant Charles W. Aby, deceased. James W. Shirk, from the 5th of November, 1856, vice Lieutenant Joseph S. Day, deceased. Jesse Taylor, from the 20th of November, 1856, vice Lieutenant John T. Walker, deceased. James G. Maxwell, from the 23d of December, 1856, vice Lieutenant T. T. Hunter, promoted. Henry Eben, from the 27th of December, 1856, vice Lieutenant G. H. Scott, promoted. Francis E. Sheppard, from the 1st of January, 1857, vice Lieutenant James Higgins, resigned. Thomas P. Pelot, from the 1st of January, 1857, vice Lieutenant J. G. McElman, resigned. Edward P. McCrea, from the 24th of January, 1857, vice Lieutenant D. McDougal, promoted. Edward C. Stockton, from the 7th of February, 1857, vice Lieutenant C. E. Fleming, dismissed.

OBITUARY.

PROFESSOR JACOB W. BAILEY, Professor of Chemistry and Natural Science at the United States Military Academy at West Point, died of consumption the week before last. Professor Bailey was President elect of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, having been chosen at the Albany meeting of that body to preside over its deliberations at Montreal in August next. Among scientific men, none ranked higher than he, in departments of chemical and microscopic research. He had bestowed much care upon the examination of the *Infusoria*, and his discoveries in the minute botany of the coral formations added very greatly to his celebrity. Professor Bailey was a graduate of West Point. He occupied the post of Professor for fifteen years. Science has sustained heavy losses in the space of three or four months. In succession, its ranks have been thinned by the deaths of Hugh Miller, Dr. Ure, Mr. Redfield, Dr. Kane, and Professor Bailey.

Hon. D. T. Disney, formerly a member of Congress from Ohio, died on the morning of the 14th inst., of pneumonia. His remains are to be conveyed home for interment.

On Monday morning last, the 9th, Mr. Ezekiel Dimmitt, one of the first settlers of Clermont county, died in that place, at the very advanced age of about eighty-one years.

Through the *Charleston Standard* we learn that Captain Thomas Petigru, late of the United States Navy, died at his residence in Beaufort District, on Friday morning of last week.

Miss Mary Minturn, of New York, (in whose honor Dr. Kane named a little river he explored in the Arctic regions,) died lately in Naples. She was a sister of Robert Minturn, Esq. of New York. It is a somewhat singular coincidence that while Dr. Kane was dying at Cuba, Miss Minturn was breathing her last at Naples. She was taken down at Florence with influenza, and proceeded to Naples, where she died.

Dr. R. H. Haneock, a well known politician of Mississippi died on the 24th ult.

General Felix Houston died Washington, Miss., a few days since.

FINANCIAL.

The weekly statement of the city banks show an increase of \$1,351,000 in loans, and a decrease of \$620,000 in specie; \$13,000 in circulation, and \$1,627,000 in deposits.

The imports of dry goods for the week show a considerable falling off from the same week last year, being \$1,657,500 against \$2,107,632.

The Sub-Treasury received to-day, 20th inst., \$143,746; disbursed \$151,005; and held at the close, \$18,500,438.

Maine has passed a General Banking law. The circulation of the banks is restricted to fifty per cent. beyond their capital, and they are required to keep only five per cent. of their capital in specie.

The yearly general meeting of the Illinois Central Company, at Chicago, yesterday, adopted the suggestion of some of the most influential of the English and New York stockholders to raise their nominal capital to the actual cost of the work, and, instead of further assessments upon the original 170,000 shares, to issue 85,000 additional shares, with 20 per cent. calls, to make them equal to the others. The new issue to be placed at the disposal of the old stockholders, at par—one share for two, or fifty new on every 100 original shares. Instead of paying the \$30 by instalments on the new shares, the stockholder

will pay in full for such portion of his allotment as may be called for by resolution of the Directors. That is, a party entitled to 60 new shares will be called upon to pay the full \$30 on 20 shares, instead of \$10 on the whole 60, and in like proportion until the whole allotment is retired. The proceeds of the new issue will go as further instalments upon the original issue would have gone to complete the work, and liquidate its unfunded indebtedness. The practical effect will be that 255,000 shares, at \$30, will represent the same expenditure as 170,000 shares at \$45, assuming that further assessments of \$15 on the original issue would have been necessary.

Of 776 ships arrived at New York in 1856, 688 were American, 82 Bremen, 26 Hamburg, 19 British, 5 Prussian, 2 French, and 1 each of Swedish, Norwegian, Italian and Spanish. The number of barks arrived was 508, of which 448 were American, 91 British, 46 Bremen, 24 Hamburg, 12 Oldenburg, 11 Norwegian, 9 Mecklenburg, 9 French, 8 Dutch, 8 Prussian, 7 Swedish, 4 Sicilian, and 20 of all other nations. Of 1,226 barks arrived, 787 were American, 325 British, 15 Danish, 14 Portuguese, 10 Prussian, 9 Dutch, and 84 of all other nations. Of 679 schooners, 422 were American, 236 British, and 21 from all other ports.

Of 221 steamers arrived, 155 were American, 48 British, 8 French, 7 Hamburg, 2 Belgian, and 1 Spanish.

The earnings of the Erie Road in February are reported to be \$291,000 against \$305,000 in February 1856, a decrease of \$74,000.

REAL ESTATE.—The following sales of real estate were made March 19, by A. J. Bleeker & Co.: House and lot No. 73 Division-st., 25x66 10, \$13,000; house and lot No. 63 3d-st., 23x96 9½, \$7,100; two houses and one lot No. 14 Essex-st., 25x71, \$7,000; nine lots on and adjoining E. W. corner 3d-av. and 39th-st., 6x100, each \$1,500; one lot on E. cor. 3d-av. and 38d-st., 25 6x101 8, \$1,000; one lot adjoining, 26 6x101 8, \$1,000; two lots adjoining, 26 6x101 8, \$1,000; three lots on and adjoining N. W. cor. 3d-av. and 93d-st., 25x100 each, cor. No. 1, each \$1,100; house and lot No. 80 Madison-st., 25x100, \$4,550.

The following sales were made on the 20th inst. by Adrian H. Muller: Lot and buildings No. 279 Bowers, E. E. cor. of Houston-st., 25x75, \$15,000; lot and buildings No. 466 Houston-st., 26x108, \$6,250; house and lot No. 70 Madison-av., cor. 25th-st., 25x26, \$20,925; house and lot No. 68 Madison-av., 24x95, \$17,000.

MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA, FOURTEENTH STREET.—The last night of the second season of Mr. Strakosch's management, Friday, 20th inst., was devoted to the performance of Mozart's immortal work, "Don Giovanni." The cast was as follows: Donna Anna, Signorina Parodi; Donna Elvira, Signora Strakosch; Zerlina, Madame Cora de Wilhorst; Ottavio, Signor Tiberini; Don Giovanni, Signor Morelli; Leporello, Signor Debrul; Masetto, Signor Morino, and the Commandante by Signor Barilli. The great Thalberg appeared on this occasion for the first time in the Academy of Music. The programme was very attractive, and the occasion being the benefit of the impresario, Maurice Strakosch's house was crowded to its utmost capacity. Some morning papers state that the receipts were over four thousand dollars.

An extra night was given on Saturday evening, 21st, when five prima donnas were announced. Signorina Parodi, Madame D'Angeli, Madame Johanneau, Madame Patti Strakosch and Madame Cora de Wilhorst, with all the male artists of the Academy and the inimitable Thalberg. The programme consisted of a Concert and selections from various Operas.

The brief seasons of Mr. Strakosch's management have closed. He has carried them through under every disadvantage, and yet we hear of no loss. We may then reasonably suppose that the undertaking, in a pecuniary point of view, has been successful. That the performances in an artistic view have not been what we have a right to expect, is certain, but we have been lenient to the shortcomings of a management which had to use the resources immediately at hand, and with but little time to make the necessary preparations. Mr. Strakosch made no large promises, and therefore a great deal was not expected. The capacity of his company was measured in advance, and if in one instance the expectation was not realized, in all other members of the company it was exceeded. The engagement of Cora de Wilhorst was undoubtedly the salvation of the undertaking. Her unexpected success, and the sympathy for her position, which extended with every representation, created an excitement favorable to the interests of the Opera. Had not her sickness intervened, we feel assured that a large profit would have accrued at the close of the first season. Mr. Strakosch's want of experience in the department he assumed, was no doubt a serious drawback to the efficiency of the representations. Yet we must do him the credit to say, that under the circumstances he acquitted himself with more efficiency than could have been anticipated. We know moreover, that he offered the position to a gentleman whose name stands first in America and among the first in Europe, and that that gentleman was compelled to decline the offer for private reasons. So that Mr. Strakosch assumed the position as a *desperado*, and acquitted himself to the best of his ability. We admire him for his courage, even while we cannot applaud the results.

Next, the great and only rival of Thalberg, says a German paper, is urged on all sides to visit America, but seems to have the smallest possible respect for the musical intelligence of the Yankees, and refuses all offers of speculators. He thinks something of gaining money, but not everything—and "will not play," as he says, "where he may be stared at as a *rara avis*, but not understood or appreciated as an artist." There is a great deal of what may be termed "hush" in the foregoing. At his own time there is no doubt that List will come, even with the fear of making money before his eyes.

The *Home Journal* has discovered a new musical wonder residing in our midst—a combination, in fact, of Gottschalk, Tinn, and Thalberg. Why has this remarkable man persisted so long in hiding his light under a bushel? Why has he not before this given us an opportunity of testing his three-man power with the single gift that poor Thalberg possesses? It could only have been from a too great sensitiveness and delicacy, the distinguishing marks of true genius.

William Mason, our talented pianist and composer, has been and gone and done it. Yes, he offers another striking example of the heroic sacrifice that man will make for woman, having voluntarily rendered up his freedom for the remainder of his natural life into the keeping of a fair tyrant. He was married at Boston on the 12th inst., to Miss Mary Isabella Webb, daughter of the well known musician, George James Webb, of that city. We wish the young couple every possible happiness. The generous disposition and amiable nature of the husband will render the fair bride the envy of many.

THE DRAMA.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.—A pleasant little piece called "The Wicked Wife," was produced at this establishment on Monday evening last. It is an adaptation from the French, and is rendered somewhat loosely. The period of the action is the bloody reign of Robespierre. The Marquis de Langais has been proscribed as an aristocrat, and has been concealed by his wife for some eighteen months. In order to secure her house from search, she has pretended the utmost devotion to the republic—repudiated her husband—cast off her children, and has even consented to espouse the most bloodthirsty and influential denizen of the city. To effect this last sacrifice, she promises to draw out an appeal for a divorce, which her new lover promises to have granted; but she delays it from time to time. Suspicion is cast upon her through the babbling of an old and faithful domestic, who, thoroughly believing in the patriotism of his mistress, still cannot account reasonably for the rapid disappearance of an immense amount of estates. He breathes his suspicions that a man is concealed in the house to the citizen-lover, who causes the house to be searched—the hiding-places are discovered, but the marquis, by dodging, happily escapes detection, and the citizeness is freed from suspicion. However, a touch of nature discovers everything. The guardians of the children having been imprisoned, the little daughter seeks her mother, who sternly refuses to harbor her; but the cunning little darling pretends to hurt herself by falling over a chair, when the whole flood of a mother's love bursts forth, and she kisses it, fondles it, and weeps over it. The father hearing the voice of his child, whom he has not seen for many months, hastens to meet it, and in the midst of this tender scene the citizen-lover enters, and declares how completely he has been duped. However, he is powerless to save himself, as his master, the arch-fiend Robespierre, has fallen, and he, in his turn, is proscribed. The piece ends happily, of course. Condensation in the dialogue is necessary; on the first representation it dragged greatly, but doubtless on successive performances, it worked more closely. It is a most pleasing and interesting little drama, and will doubtless become a stock piece. It was well acted throughout. Miss Laura Keene displayed great power in her rôle. Her coldness and hatred to her husband and family was admirably assumed; her make-believe coquetry with the citizen-lover, her real tenderness for her unfortunate husband, and her passionate, almost uncontrollable love for her children, were portrayed with an art and abandon fully equal to the situations. It was throughout a masterly piece of acting. Mr. Jordan played the marquis, and Mr. Stoddard the citizen-lover, with their accustomed ability, and Mr. Kent deserves our warmest approbation for his admirable personation of the old domestic. It was a piece of quiet natural acting, that could hardly be surpassed. The piece was quite successful. We must give a word of praise to a very clever melody overture, composed and arranged by Mr. Thomas Baker. It is one of the cleverest things of the sort that we have heard for some time.

The new extravaganza, the "Elves, or the Marble Bride," which was produced last week at this establishment in such magnificent style, is still running a career of success. Miss Keene's acting in it is alone worthy the trouble of a long journey. There is a good deal of music in it; the concerted music, glee, &c., is sung better than it could be at any other establishment in the city. We must compliment Miss Julia Gould upon the very charming manner in which she acquitted herself in the music allotted her. Her voice is wonder-

fully improved in its quality by her California sojourn, and her style is quite artistic. Mr. Baker has arranged the music in his usual skillful manner.

WATKINS' THEATRE.—We regret to say that Miss Heron still appears in that libel upon nature, decency and common sense, the tragedy travesty "Leonore, or the World's Own," by some called the "Devil's Own."

BROADWAY THEATRE.—The sagacious and wonderful Elephants, Victoria and Albert, are still attracting crowded houses at this theatre. They are certainly the most wonderful animals we ever beheld. They perform feats of agility that we should have thought beyond the range of their physical or mental organization. They excite universal wonder, and attract the curious from all parts. The drama made to introduce their performances is of the one-horse amphitheatre construction, but it is acted with becoming gravity, and adorned with all the splendor for which the Broadway Theatre spectacles are so justly famous.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—The wonderful Ravel Family, with their countless host of assistant attractions, saltatorial and otherwise, have been performing an engagement at this establishment, the recognized scene of their greatest triumph, during the present week. Their admirable performances are too well known to need any particular comment. It need only be said that they are at Niblo's, and are greeted by their usual host of admirers.

BROUGHAM'S BOWERY THEATRE.—The production of a grand spectacle, "The Conquest of Mexico," has crowded this establishment during the present week to its utmost capacity. It has been got up regardless of expense, and promises to repay its outlay a hundred fold. The other pieces associated with it are of a very varied character; and John Brougham, the favorite everywhere, and the special favorite there, nightly delights his ardent admirers by his genuine, unctuous and irresistible humor.

FOREIGN MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC ITEMS.

"The celebrated pianist, Liszt," says the *Constitutionnel*, "has entered the religious order of Franciscan Monks at Pech. M. Hermann, another pianist of note, has entered a religious house in the South of France."—Bancard and Madame Albertini are singing in Rome with great success in "Ernani."—The San Carlo, at Naples, appears to be closed, at least the journals do not mention that theatre at all.—The Milan journals are filled with accounts of the successes obtained by the tenor Gulghini, whose voice and style they describe as equally perfect; in fine, a second Rubini, with the addition of youth and freshness, and who, we mentioned last week, has been engaged by Mr. Lumley. At a grand concert lately given at Court by the Emperor, his Majesty warmly complimented the artist for the pleasure he had afforded him, and did him the honor to converse with him for some time.—It is said in the green-rooms that Mrs. Niblett's return to the stage may be shortly looked for.—Mr. Robson, of the Olympic Theatre, has seriously sprained his ankle, precluding him from playing for a few days, under the probability of "serious consequences." Mr. Robson met with the accident while performing the "Pas de Fanchon" in the extravaganza a few days ago.—A writer to the *London Athenaeum*, from the Papal States, relates the following amusing incident:—"Camerino, Jan. 30.—I told you in my last of the scene about the encores in our theatre here. Well, the next night it was announced that the legation would suffer encores, provided the public were discreet, and did not ask too many. The young English lady was greeted with applause the moment she appeared, which was continued throughout the whole scene; but no encore was demanded until she came to the famous 'Gl'orni poveri,' which was the cause of the row alluded to in my last, and which had scarcely concluded before it was re-demanded. Permission was at once granted, and Miss Whitty complied with the order. The poor public seemed to breathe again, and, to testify their delight, applauded every artist. Another encore was demanded for the duet in the last act between the prima donna and baritone, but in this instance the legation refused to accede to the wish of the audience. The duet is sung by the prima donna kneeling, imploring pardon for her lover from the baritone. She had risen to thank the public, and she and the baritone were kept standing a good quarter of an hour waiting for the opera to proceed, or permission for the encore to be given. The state of the house was that of intense excitement; all eyes turned towards the legation's box, but he remained immovable. The cries for an encore continuing, one of the directors went to the legation to implore him to grant the permission, but he refused, and, seeing that the public would not yield, rose in a flaming passion and left the box, after having been treated to slight blows. He had scarcely departed when the prima donna advanced to the footlights and exclaimed in a loud voice and in the most imperative manner:—'I am the artist, and here I command. I will have the encore!' It is impossible to describe the scene that ensued—I really thought the building would have come down. Every one rose from their seats, the gentlemen huzzed and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs. The legation, it appeared, had witnessed the scene, and you may imagine his feelings. The director, who is always in his box on the stage, gave the sign, and the coveted encore was given. The remainder of the evening passed off amidst the wildest excitement; no one listened to the music, all too busy talking and applauding. On the conclusion of the opera ('Il Trovatore'), the prima donna found the entire audience waiting her in the street. The ladies crowded round her, and the Countess Parisian, the highest lady here, embraced her. The moment the prima donna had got into her *señal-chaise* (the only vehicle seen here), the immense crowd escorted her to the door of her hotel. Great fears were entertained lest the legation should punish the prima donna for her audacity by sending her to prison; and had that been the case, nothing could have saved Camerino from a revolution, so strong was the feeling on the matter. The next night, the instant the prima donna appeared she was nearly deafened by applause and smothered with flowers. The excitement still prevailed in the town. The legation absented himself from the theatre, and the people to revenge themselves pelted the windows of his palace with stones. In the mean time the directors of the opera had paid the offended functionary a visit with the view to console him, but he said that he would never forgive the prima donna or go near the theatre again. Some few nights passed in quietness, until last Saturday, when the baritone took his benefit; Miss Whitty was again engaged, and an unfortunate man in the pit became so excited in calling on the baritone for a repetition of a song, that he was carried off to prison by the carabinieri, who were in the house in large numbers. The evening, however, passed off quietly, and as yet there is no prospect of a disturbance in Camerino. But the legation, being apprehensive of an outbreak, has had fresh troops quartered in the town, the sight of whom has quite quelled any martial feeling on the part of the unfortunate Italians, who now desire to make peace with their outraged lord; and he has so far forgiven them that he again visits the theatre, applauds himself, and actually permits an encore!—Mr. Oliveira has brought with him from Portugal a Virgin and Child, said to be an undoubted Marillo.—Horace Vernet is finishing portraits of Canrobert, Bosquet, and Pelissier, for the museum at Versailles.—Mr. Sheepshanks has executed the deed making over to the State his noble gallery of pictures; we are told, on a condition that is both new and strange; namely, that they shall be, under reasonable regulations, open to the public on Sundays.—The Emperor of Austria has ordered Professor Ferrari, at Venice, a bronze statue of Marco Polo, the celebrated Venetian traveller, to be presented to the town and erected on one of its public places.—The King of Prussia has presented the university of Bonn with the marble bust (executed by Herr Adlger, at Berlin) of its Nestor, Professor Ernst Moritz Arndt. It is to be placed in the library of the university.—The loyal people of Weimar intend to erect, by public subscription, a monument to their late Grand Duke, Karl August, the friend of Goethe and Schiller. It is to be an equestrian statue.—Mr. Planché has accepted the invitation of the Committee of the Exhibition of Art Treasures to superintend the arrangement of armor and arms.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

TROIS VALSES DE SALON, PAR WILLIAM MASON. FIRTH, POND & CO., 547 Broadway.
No. 1. RIKS OULE VALSE. A. ON AMI, F. G. HILL.
No. 2. TOUJOURS. A. ON AMI, GUSTAVE EATIER.
No. 3. POUR LA DERNIERE FOIS. A. MADRILE JOSEPHINE HUNT.
Although No. 1 is nothing but a waltz, according to the modest title bestowed upon it by its author, it is a very charming composition. It sings a fresh and pleasing melody to a delightful rhythm. Its movements are varied skilfully, the one being a bright relief to the other, and all of it treated with nice judgment and musicianly skill. No. 2 might be called a waltz reverie, so full of saddened pining thoughtfulness is its subject. It is a lovely melody, supported by a full and rich harmony which fills up the measure of its beauty without encumbering the movement of the rhythm. The principal subject is in F minor, but the following subject, in F major, with its accompanying cleverly worked figure in the left hand, is worthy of particular notice. The whole waltz indicates a fine and thoughtful musical organization, and will take rank among the best of this class of composition. No. 3 is also remarkable for its flowing and charming melody, for its exquisite gracefulness, and for the harmony of its treatment. Its subject recurring frequently and retaining its chief characteristics, is each time so varied as to preserve its freshness unimpaired. The movement scherzando, in D flat, is a pleasant lighting up—an interesting episode that renders the return to the first subject agreeable. It is throughout a charming waltz, and equal in its musicianly treatment to Nos. 1 and 2.
These works are, in truth, well written, and will do much to establish Mr. William Mason's reputation as a pianoforte writer. Their construction displays good schooling, invention, a flow of melody, and a copious richness of harmony and thought; attributes which, from the present manifestations, will, we believe, place Mr. Mason's name high in the rank of our modern composers. Mr. Mason gave early indications of a fine musical organization. His early compositions were deeply imbued with the spirit of Mendelssohn, but his studies in Germany and his association with the music of the future boys, while destroying his belief in his early idol, enlarged his scope of thought and subdued his mannerisms. He has a fine instinct and a just appreciation of musical excellence, tinged somewhat by his foreign radical associations, and we look forward to his future career with much interest. We recognize him as one of the many aspirants, who will do credit to the American name as a pianoforte writer. His works are neither commonplace, nor outrageously mystical, nor Italian; they are, in short, the works of a thorough musician, who only needs perseverance and earnest labor to achieve a brilliant and enduring reputation. Firth, Pond & Co. have produced these works in admirable style.

CITY ITEMS.

ONE of the jurors before whom Jackson was tried for rape, in Brooklyn, says while the trial was progressing he was asked by some person in female apparel, when riding home in the evening, for the privilege of a ride. The juror suspecting all was not right, dropped his whip, after the person had thrown a muff into the wagon, and requested the stranger to pick it up. While reaching for it the juror drove off at a rapid rate, leaving the stranger on the road. On examining the muff he found in it a brace of handsomely mounted pistols.

In the matter of Mr. Boker's refusal to allow his daughter to consort with her husband, Dean, the coachman, certain proceedings were expected to take place on the 19th before Judge Davies of the Supreme Court, who had, on Dean's petition, issued a writ of habeas corpus to Mr. Boker for the production of the girl, and to show cause why he should not be compelled to yield her over to her husband's keeping. The matter was adjourned till Monday, 22d inst., next, at 4 P. M.

The witnesses in the Sheephead rape case—Catharine Sullivan and Jane Muldoon—were discharged from custody on their own recognizances with allowance for their immediate necessities. The trial of Richard Lewis, one of the defendants, has been put off for the term. John Dixon, another of the defendants, is now in jail.

Young burglars have been quite busy of late, but the police have been among them. The other night some half dozen young rascals were detected in the act of breaking into Landers' oyster saloon, in Beekman-street. Three of them were captured, and taken before Judge Russell, who committed them to the House of Refuge.

Yesterday morning three lads, named William Shaw, John Jackson and Thomas Bartlett, were arrested for a burglary, in the Fifteenth Ward. It appears they forced open the basement door of the unoccupied house No. 68 Amity-street, and going up stairs, cut off about 200 pounds of lead pipe and several brass faucets.

Henry Foster, aged 14 years, was locked up for a hearing yesterday by Justice Wood on a charge of burglariously entering the grocery store of Henry Baker, corner of 93rd and Delancey streets, by means of false keys, and stealing therefrom \$5 in bills and silver.

Eliza Tyler, an English woman 28 years of age, lately employed at the lager beer saloon of George May, in Pearl street, committed suicide, Wednesday morning, 18th, by taking three cents' worth of arsenic, which she had procured at a drug store in Hudson street by representing that she wanted it to kill rats with.

Sophia Smith, keeper of a house of ill-fame, at No. 1 Albany street, attempted suicide on Wednesday night, 18th inst., by swallowing laudanum. Dr. Mennel was called and succeeded in removing the poison and restoring her to consciousness.

On Wednesday night, 18th inst., John Hogan, a porter, accidentally fell down a flight of stairs in the tenement house No. 95 West Thirty-second street, and broke his neck. Death took place immediately.

A young man named Jenkins has been arrested on a charge of having been engaged in swindling the proprietors of the *Daily News and State Register*, by means of forged bill-heads. The accused, it is alleged, in concert with another person, got these forged bill-heads printed, and going around to the subscribers and advertisers of the above newspapers, they succeeded in collecting a considerable sum of money. One of the forged bill-heads was found upon the person of Jenkins when arrested.

The steamships Baltic and Atlantic are undergoing thorough repairs, in their hulls and engines. The Baltic, which lies at the Novelty works, has most of her engines already removed, preparatory to taking in the two new bedplates, which will weigh seventy tons each, being an aggregate increase of sixty tons in weight over the old ones. The boilers are to have entire new bottoms, making them as good as new.

The changes required in the engines of the Adriatic have reference only to one portion, the valves, which will not necessitate the removal of any considerable portion of the works, or require any displacement of the deck, or other solid work of the ship. She will no doubt be ready by June.

Seamen for Liverpool are said to be very scarce, many vessels waiting for crews. Twenty dollars a month and thirty dollars advance is paid for good sailors.

Com. Vanderbilt has reduced the fare to Europe by steamship. The Ariel and Vanderbilt will take passengers for \$80 in the first cabin and \$60 in the second.

The *Staats Zeitung* has purchased the lot No. 17 Chatham street, for the erection of a new building for their own use. The lot is 30 by 105 feet, and the building is to be five stories high, with iron front. They commenced on the 1st of May to put up the new building.

Proposals for cleaning streets were opened on Thursday noon, 19th, at the office of the Commissioner of Streets and Lamps, corner of Grand and Essex streets, in the presence of Controller Flagg and a number of contractors. The following were the lowest, and consequently the successful bidders, viz: 1st Ward, W. R. Reynolds, \$10,000; 2d, do. \$7,250; 3d, do. \$8,750; 4th, do. \$8,800; 5th, James W. Bush, \$10,400; 6th, W. R. Reynolds, \$9,250; 7th, Peter Morris, \$9,000; 8th, W. R. Reynolds, \$8,750; 9th, do. \$8,250; 10th, T. H. Ferris, \$8,950; 11th, Peter Morris, \$10,400; 12th, (None); 13th, John Ackerslein, \$8,475; 14th, W. R. Reynolds, \$10, 00; 15th, do. \$7,900; 16th, James W. Bush, \$9,840; 17th, W. R. Reynolds, \$13,000; 18th, Daniel Gallagher, \$9,400; 19th and 21st, do. \$8,900; 20th and 22d, do. \$9,450; Total, \$179,355.—The Harlem Gas-light Company were the only bidders to light Harlem with gas, which they agree to do at the rate of \$37 50 each lamp per annum.

The Aldermanic Special Committee having under consideration that portion of the Mayor's message that recommends using the present City Hall for Courts and building a new City Hall in Madison square, have made no positive report. Al. Blunt favors the construction of a new Hall in Chambers street, from twenty-five feet from Broadway to the brown stone building in the Park, and to have it built of iron. He would guarantee to build such a structure in six months. He urged setting apart a building specially for the Courts. Al. Wilson suggested that, in a business point of view, Brooklyn and the surrounding cities were a part of New York, and that therefore it would be well to retain the present City Hall. Alderman Coulter thought it would be best to erect a building in Madison square, and rent the present City Hall for a Post Office. The whole Committee were in favor of building a new City Hall, agreeing, if the proposed building be erected down town, to erect it on Chambers street, 700 feet long, exclusive of wings for Courts.

The journeymen carpenters held a meeting last week. They decided that \$2 a day was fair remuneration for summer work.

The new clocks are to be illuminated at night. A resolution to remove the sound steamers from the piers on North River was adopted by our City Fathers.

On Monday, 16th inst., a large party of women and children, from the Five Points, were sent westward over the Erie Railroad. They were neatly dressed and looked cheerful.

POSTSCRIPT.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

By the arrival of the British mail steamer Africa we have the following later news:

The chief incident by this arrival is the announcement by Lord Palmerston of the course which his Government intends to pursue in consequence of their recent defeat on the Chinese question. As the state of the public business would not permit an immediate dissolution of Parliament, he proposed to dissolve the House in May, and until then to go on with such measures only as call for immediate action; namely, the financial estimates and a temporary mutiny act, leaving the general question of taxation to be dealt with by the new Parliament. With respect to the policy which he would pursue toward China, until the decision of the country should be taken, his Administration would continue to defend their rights and improve their relations with China in a firm but peaceful way; and, in conjunction with France, and he hoped with America, to secure an extension of commercial advantages. In the House of Lords a similar announcement was made by Earl Granville.

In the House of Commons on the night of the 6th the Chancellor of the Exchequer brought forward his financial measures; namely, a reduction of the Income tax (for the year April 1887 to 1888) from 1s. 4d. to 7d. and 5d. per pound; also, instead of 1s. 7d. per pound duty on tea he would propose 1s. 6d., and precisely the same scale of duty on sugar. These changes were carried by a majority of sixty-two, and are to take effect from 5th April, 1887, to 5th April, 1888.

Lord Palmerston has been invited to become a member for the City of London. Liverpool has sent him an address.

The signing of the treaty of peace with Persia is officially announced, and a copy has been dispatched to Tehran for ratification. Its chief feature consists in granting right of residence to British Consuls in the cities of Persia. A dispatch received by means of the Russian telegraph says that a treaty of commerce has been ratified at Tehran, by the Shah Nureddin, between Persia and the United States; granting the same terms, namely that the American Consuls may reside in the chief Persian cities. Austria was to negotiate with Persia a similar treaty.

It is reported that Sir John Bowring has been recalled. The intelligence from China comes in scraps from private letters, and contains nothing different from the newspaper reports already published. The French papers contain the Emperor of China's edict against the English. They also say that on Dec. 5 the Chinese seized the English opium depot.

The conference on the Neuchâtel question opened at the Hotel of Foreign Affairs, Paris, on the 6th. The proceedings have not transpired. All the allied troops have left Greece.

The Prussian ministry has been defeated by thirty-nine, on the Divorce bill.

SYNOPSIS OF NEWS.

Two sons of Gueso, king of Dahomey, one of the most powerful chiefs of the Western coast of Africa, have arrived in France to be educated. These boys have been placed at the Lycée of Marseilles.

A Miss Duncan, an actress, accompanied by a friend from Cincinnati, met her divorced husband in Louisville, Ky., last week, and after forcing him to retract alleged slanders relative to her character, cowed him publicly.

A committee of the master workmen of the Philadelphia Navy Yard have presented Mr. Dobbin with a beautifully-mounted cane made of the white oak timber of the old Ironsides.

The returns for the past year of the four principal railroads running West from Chicago, Illinois, show that these four roads alone have taken West 207,863 passengers more than they brought back.

The defalcations by the Sadler tragedy, the British Bank swindle, and the Robson, Redpath and a host of other frauds of minor character, have not been less than three millions sterling (\$14,500,000) in England last year.

Morris Lucasick was murdered at Louisville on Sunday night, 8th inst., and the murderers then set fire to the house he was in to hide his crime.

At the Pension Office, last month, there were 194,936 pensions issued, requiring 23,844,210 acres of land to satisfy them.

It is supposed that about ten thousand people of the city of New York were in Washington on the 4th of March.

John Shewanune, one of the delegates from the Delaware tribe of Indians to Washington, died in that city on Sunday, 15th inst.

There is a sycamore tree on the land of Robert Taylor, Smythe county, Va., sixty-five feet in circumference.

Eighty men, under the command of Captain French, of Virginia, are on their way from Texas to join Walker.

The number of German emigrants who have settled in Texas is now estimated at 30,000, of whom 25,000 are settled in the German counties of Western Texas.

A resolution to amend the constitution so as to allow colored persons to vote without a property qualification, has passed the New York Senate by a vote of twenty-one yeas to five nays.

The Athenæum female college at Columbia, Tenn., was destroyed by fire on the 3d inst. Loss, \$10,000.

The King of Bavaria, who is a Roman Catholic, has authorized the Protestant pastors in his kingdom to raise subscriptions for a monument which is about to be erected to the memory of Martin Luther, at Worms.

An Austrian general, who had command of the troops in Bologna, recently died after eating a hundred large oysters.

A St. John paper says that on Monday a gentleman skated into town from a place about fifty-five miles distant in about five hours. The wind was against him.

George Sumner says in a recent lecture: "The excessive use of salutaris is a cardinal cause of the American ill health. It is a deadly poison, the use of which should be shunned as the slaughterer of the infant and the destroyer of the strong man."

There is every reason to believe, as we learn from the *Boston Traveller*, that Mrs. Lavina Briggs, of Stoughton, Mass., who died on the 27th ult., came to her death from the effect of arsenic administered by her husband, Hosea Briggs.

At the last court ball in Paris the jewels of the Empress Eugénie were estimated at four millions of francs, and the fineness of Alençon's lace which covered the lilac satin robe of her Majesty cost six hundred thousand—the dress and jewels thus amounting to almost a million of dollars.

The *Sydney Morning Herald* stated that a nugget of gold was recently found at Louisa Creek, New South Wales, the value of which is estimated at £20,000. It weighs about five cwt., but there is very little gold visible on the surface. This is the largest nugget of gold yet discovered in the world.

At the late term of the Orange County Court, Dr. William H. M. Howard, of Bradford, Vt., was mulcted in the sum of \$1,400 damages for malpractice in not perfectly setting a fractured leg.

On Sunday evening a large barn in East Lexington, owned by Mrs. Caroline Robbins, was destroyed by fire. It is not known how the fire originated, but it is attributed to incendiarism. There were boards upon the barn, it is said, that were perforated by the bullets of the English during the war of the Revolution.

In Florida the fruit crop, it is supposed, will be short, on account of the prevalence of unusually cold weather. Most of the young orange trees are killed.

The oldest specimen of a bottle that we have ever seen was shown to us the other day, by one of the hands employed in our office. It was a bottle owned by his grandfather, when he was a boy. It bears the English coat-of-arms—the lion and unicorn, with a crown underneath—and on its sides is the following inscription:—"May 2d, Robert Turlington, by the King's Patent, 1748." If bottles could talk, what a tale might not that unfold! Although used for an ink-bottle for a number of years, we have not the least doubt but that the bottle once contained Turlington's Balsam of Life, which was the first patent medicine ever issued. A still more ancient bottle has been shown at a meeting of the Dorchester Antiquarian Society, which has inscribed upon the glass, "Benjamin Dolbear, 1786."

A letter from Paris gives very gratifying assurances of mellioration in the symptoms of Mr. Crawford's illness. Another eminent physician (Dr. Desmarre) had been consulted, and he is unwilling to decide that the disease is a malignant cancer. He thinks also that if it should prove to be malignant, it is so near the left corner of the eye, and so far from the brain, that it may develop itself outwardly, rendering a surgical operation comparatively easy. Mr. Crawford's general health has also much improved. These tidings will be most welcome to the distinguished sculptor's large circle of friends and admirers.

THE MISSING EDITOR RETURNED.—Mr. H. C. Reynolds, recently connected with the *Independent Democrat* of Paterson, as one of its publishers, returned to this city on Thursday, the 19th, from Virginia. He was in the city on Friday, and stated that he left home on account of domestic troubles, and went to North Carolina and Virginia; that he was aware, through the press, of the interest manifested in his fate by the public, and that he wrote to his wife during his absence, but received no reply from her.

NOTES ON THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

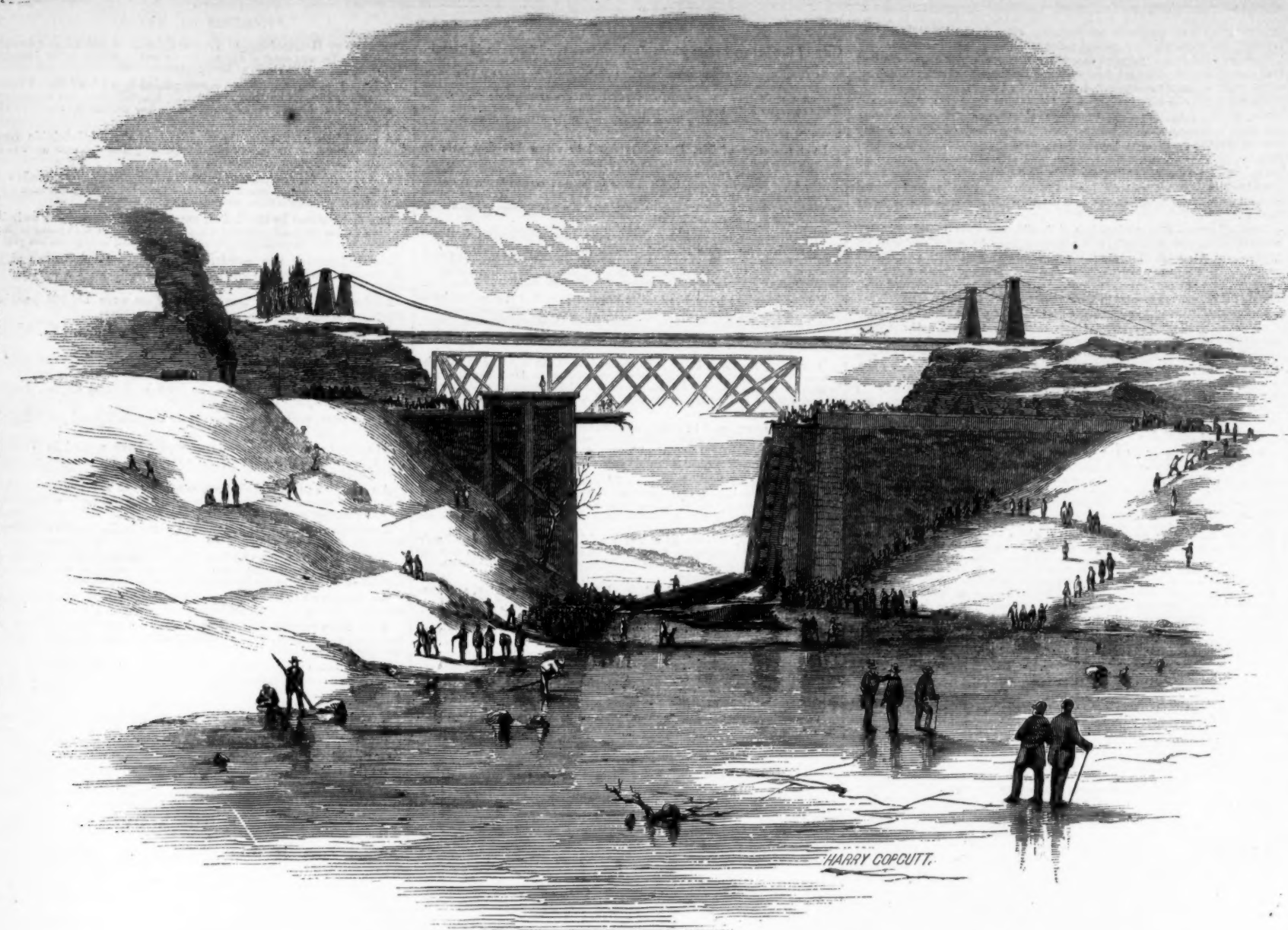
VALUE OF ALUMINUM.—According to the French scientific journal, the advantages of the new metal, aluminum, are now positive and undeniable. Even at present, supposing that the metal costs four times as much as silver, it is not in fact dearer; for a pound of aluminum contains four times the bulk of a pound of silver, and four times as many articles can be made out of it. If the anticipated facilities of production be realized, sooner or later, even no farther than to bring down the cost of aluminum to three times that of copper, pound per pound, it would really be no dearer than copper, because a pound of aluminum will be three times the bulk of the same weight of copper, rendering it entirely practicable to make out of the same weight of the new metal three times the number of culinary vessels as from copper.

EMBOSSING VENEERS.—A Philadelphia artist has invented a process for embossing veneers of any kind of ornamental wood-work, to represent elaborate carvings on wood, and dispensing with that comparatively slow and expensive manipulation. The veneers are prepared by a method peculiar to the inventor, then placed between dies moderately heated, and submitted to pressure. One of the faces of the wood receives the pattern in relief, and gives it the appearance of elaborate wood-carving. The depression caused by the dies on the opposite side of the veneer are filled up with a suitable plastic substance. This being dried, the embossed veneer is ready to be glued, or otherwise attached to the furniture. The veneer is said neither to split nor collapse, and the figures impressed upon it may safely be rubbed and cleaned.

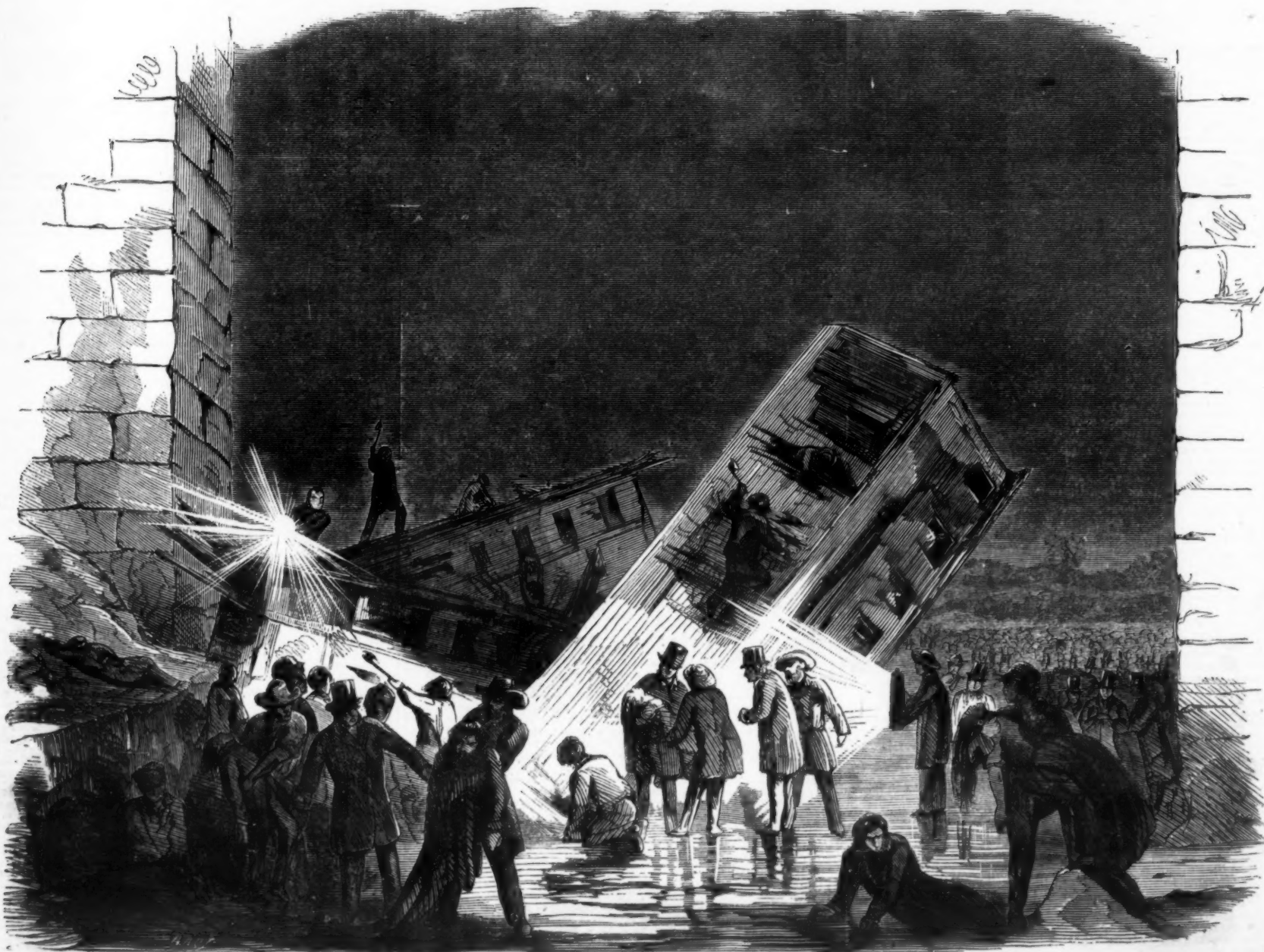
COMPOSITION OF PORCELAIN.—An interesting series of experiments has been made by M. Wächter, of Berlin, in which he has treated various mixtures of feldspar and kaolin, and in connection with Dr. Oschatz, examined the products microscopically. The result was a refutation of the usually received opinion that porcelain is a mere mixture of fused feldspar and unaltered kaolin, the latter of which is the cause of the opacity; for these experiments proved it to consist of a glassy mass filled with an infinite number of minute needle-shaped crystals, which produce the opacity of porcelain.

WOOD SATURATED WITH COPPERAS.—Mr. Reynolds, the agent of one of the most extensive copperas manufactories in this country, states that timber saturated with copperas and exposed to every vicissitude of weather for forty years, is found perfectly sound and hard, and to have become something of the nature of stone. Timber soaked in such a manner—say one pound of copperas to two gallons of water—will, he says, last more than twice as long as that which has not been so prepared. It is also thought, by scientific men who have investigated the subject, that timber saturated with a solution of rusted iron in wood vinegar, would last fifty years or more.

ELECTRICITY AS A MOTOR.—The foreign journals give an account of a great experiment, heralding an important discovery, which has recently been tried at Vincennes. The secret of compressing and governing electricity, it appears, at length discovered, and the power, it is thought, may be considered as the sole motor hereafter to be used. A small motor was fired by the inventor at the rate of a hundred shots a minute, without flashing, smoke, or noise. The same power can, it is claimed, be adapted to every system of mechanical operation, and requires neither machinery nor combustion.



VIEW OF THE ACCIDENT TAKEN N.W. FROM HAMILTON BAY, SUSPENSION BRIDGE IN THE BACKGROUND. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY D. C. BEERE, ESQ.



THE PEOPLE LIVING IN THE VICINITY OF THE BROKEN BRIDGE, HUNTING AMONG THE RUINS FOR THE DEAD AND WOUNDED.



THE CONDUCTORS OF THE RAILWAY RAISING THE RUINS OF THE CARS. FROM A SKETCH BY MR. LUM.

TERRIBLE RAILROAD CALAMITY.

THE detailed descriptions of all the engravings relating to the terrible railroad accident which appear in this paper commence on the Editorial page, to which the reader is referred.

GEORGE ROBERTS, the founder of the *Boston Times*, and its publisher until within a year or so, has resumed control of the paper. He announces that it will give a firm and cordial support to the administration. S. R. Glen, Esq., for many years connected with the paper, has resumed that connection.

AN ignorant fellow, in a petition to the justices of the Inferior Court of a certain county, addressed the honorable gentlemen as *just-asses*, not more to their indignation than to the mirth of the wags of the county, who declared that the term was exceeding apt, particularly the last part of it.

MR. LUTHER YOUNG, an American artisan, who has obtained a patent for the invention of a new method of regulating minutely the consumption of gas, having been ordered to forward his apparatus for adjustment in Woolwich Dockyard, (England), by order of the Lords of the Admiralty, waited on the authorities there, and gave the necessary explanations for the application of his patent metres, fifty-two of which were supplied for the use of the dockyard. He was accompanied by Mr. Van Winkle, also an American, who professes to turn out, by means of a single piece of machinery, of which he is the inventor, a number of bolt nuts, at the rate of from fifty to sixty per hour, ready for use. The invention is about to be submitted to the consideration of the Lords of the Admiralty.

A PARIS letter says that a young man, a student of decided talent and great promise, went into the store where the murderer Verger bought the knife to stab the Archbishop, and after selecting a knife of the same kind, and feeling its edge, he asked them to sharpen it. While this was being done, he talked calmly to the master of the house on the most indifferent affairs. After the knife was again

handed to him, he felt the edge, said it would do, paid for it, and then plunged it suddenly into his own heart.

THE *Niagara City Herald* gives the figures showing the amount of stock shipped from Suspension Bridge over the Central Railroad for the year 1856. The number of hogs was 262,365; of sheep, 48,430; of cattle, 24,348.

THE severe shock of an earthquake was felt in Milledgeville at half-past ten o'clock Sunday night, 8th inst. The vibration of the earth was from east to west, and the shock sufficiently severe to awake many from their slumbers.

CHIEF JUSTICE TANEY has administered the oath of office to Presidents Van Buren, Harrison, Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, and Buchanan.

THE draft of the Farewell Address of Washington has been stolen from the library of the State Department. A most rigid search has been instituted for its recovery, which it is to be hoped may prove successful.



RELATIONS AND FRIENDS SEARCHING AMONG THE DEAD BODIES LAID OUT IN THE LARGE ROOM ADJOINING THE STATION HOUSE.

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE LAST OF HIS RACE," "THE BORDERS OF FORTUNE,"
"MIDNIGHT GUEST," ETC.

(Continued in No. 52.)

CHAPTER XXXII.

"Here is a spell in woman's smile
Both held the judgment fettered.—OLD SONGS.

It is now time that we returned to the hero of our tale and his friend, who, whilst the scenes we have related were being acted in England, were preparing to take their departure from Paris; a step which the Comte de Lili, who had succeeded in ingratiating himself into their friendship, was continually urging. There was something extraordinary in the influence he had obtained over both the young men, but more so with Harry.

The discovery of the attachment between Lord Charles Murray and the fascinating Marie de Trouville had the effect of placing Harold perfectly at his ease when in the society of the latter, which he had previously avoided, as far as was consistent with that delicate homage which women claim as a right, and receive from man.

The evening before his departure for Spain was spent as usual in the salon of the Duchesse de Rohan, who appeared more brilliant and animated than usual, as she chatted familiarly with the unassuming attaché, who little dreamed the purpose the clever, intriguing old lady had in view in lavishing so her smiles and attentions on him.

The Count, who was present, to a casual observer appeared a mere idler; but the initiated could perceive that a telegraphic conversation was being carried on all the while between himself and their hostess.

"What a strange thing the heart is," observed our hero to his beautiful companion. "Who could have imagined, when I arrived in Paris a few weeks since, I should quit it with so much regret? The prospect of visiting Spain has lost half its attractions since I have been a habitué of the Hotel de Rohan. But have you no commission to entrust me with for Spain?"

"I have, indeed," she replied, "but it would require great judgment to execute it, and good taste."

"I cannot promise either," exclaimed the young man, laughingly, not doubting but the judgment and good taste she alluded to applied to the selection of a mantilla, or some of those exquisitely painted fans or laces for which the country is celebrated; "but I will do my best."

"And courage," added Marie, fixing her dark eyes upon him with a peculiar expression. "I will not deceive you. I soon to repay the kind feeling and friendship you have shown me by an act of deceit. The service I require is a dangerous but honorable one, though, as I said before, not unattended by danger."

"I trust Mademoiselle de Trouville does not do me the injustice to suppose the last consideration would have any influence on me?" observed Harold, gravely. "But," continued the gentleman, with a smile, "I must insist upon being told what this very dangerous service is that you require."

"Well, then, it is to restore an old domestic, whom the Orleans government detain a prisoner in France, to a very dear friend of mine; he will join you at Bayonne."

"A servant?" repeated her hearer.

"Yes."

"Who has borne arms, perhaps?"

"Never!" exclaimed Marie, eagerly. "I pledge you my honor that he has not; more—that he is incapable of doing so. I would seem to deceive you; he is of humble birth."

"And a servant?" added Harold, with a smile.

"Strictly a servant," repeated the fair pleader, poutingly. "Why, you question me like an advocate instead of a cavalier. A most iniquitous suit is being tried," she continued, "to deprive the friend I spoke of of her estates; and this man's presence, evidence, or something of that kind, is most important. Unfortunately, her enemies have sufficient influence to detain him a prisoner in France under some ridiculous pretext."

Satisfied that no political intrigue could be mixed up in the affair, our hero renewed his promise, and asked how he was to find the person in question at Bayonne.

"He will find you."

"And his name?"

"Is Leon."

All this was uttered with an air so unembarrassed that every suspicion vanished from the mind of her hearer, and the only succeeding question he put to her was as to how he should treat the man.

"As a domestic, of course," replied the young lady; "but kindly, because he is old and faithful to the interests of those he serves; and fidelity, even in the humblest position, merits respect."

During the evening the two friends had time to exchange a few words together. Each found, to his surprise, that a similar request had been made to the other. In Harry's instance it was the aunt who made it; in Harold's, the niece.

Had it been merely the assertion of the duchess to the contrary, they might have suspected some political intrigue; but Marie—neither of the young men could doubt her.

On taking their leave, the Comte de Lili accompanied them to their hotel, it being the last night for some time they were likely to spend together.

Lord Charles shortly afterwards joined them.

"By-the-by," observed the attaché, "how many servants am I to include in your passport? I have to call on the Minister for Foreign Affairs in the morning, and will procure you an especial visa."

"We have but two," replied Harry Burg; "Tom and William Franklin."

His lordship looked surprised, and somewhat disappointed. The Spaniard, on the contrary, who sat quietly smoking his cigar, nodded approvingly.

"Two?" repeated Lord Charles. "I thought that possibly you might have to include a guide, or courier?"

"No."

"Two be it, then."

"We know the motive of your question, Charles," observed our hero; "but I and Harry have been talking the affair over, and have decided that you must not in any way be compromised in the affair we have undertaken. You have an official position," he added, "which fetters you by laws that we are free from."

"I am firmly convinced that Marie has spoken the truth," exclaimed the young nobleman, warmly. "And nothing more. Whatever my personal predilections may be, I should never offer my public duty as a sacrifice to them."

"Knowingly, we are sure you would not," observed both his friends.

Pleading an engagement, Lord Charles shortly afterwards withdrew, promising to be with them to breakfast in the morning.

"Shall I tell you," said our hero to the Count, "why I suspect—despite my confidence in Marie de Trouville—that there is something more than appears upon the surface in the affair she has engaged us in? It is my conviction that you knew of the request before it was made."

"I did," answered the Spaniard, unhesitatingly.

"And disapproved it?"

"No."

"Why not have made it yourself, then?" demanded both the young men.

"Simply because it would have pained me to have been refused. But that was not my only motive. Although the Duchesse de Rohan and her niece told the truth, when they declared that the person whom they wish you to protect and assist in quitting France is a servant, they did not tell you all. In fact, it was impossible that they should do so. Now, where I give my friendship, the shadow of a doubt must not exist, either as to my sincerity or my motives; therefore I remained silent, and left the task to others."

"You feel interested, then, in this man's escape?"

"Most deeply," replied the Count.

Harold and Harry assured him that no precaution prudence could suggest should be left untried to secure it.

"Of that I feel well assured," observed the Spaniard; "but your refusal to avail yourselves of the change in your passports as Lord Charles suggested—a refusal which I approve and regret—has rendered the task more difficult than you imagine. Still, it is not impossible," he added, musingly. "Whilst the world risks so much for profit, shall none be run for honor? On your arrival at Bayonne, the person the duchess and her niece spoke to you of will present himself at your hotel—most probably in the character of a courier, but possibly in some other disguise. I tell you this that you may not be taken by surprise. Should you require assistance of any kind whilst on the frontiers of France, you must trust to your own judgment whom you trust and how far you trust them. Once in Spain, and you will be safe."

The speaker rose to take his departure.

"Shall we not meet again?" inquired our hero, as he shook him warmly by the hand, for the high sense of honor and delicacy he displayed had completely won his confidence.

"Possibly, yes."

"In Spain?"

"Or in England," replied the Count. "I am like fortune's football, and the blind goddess sends on where she pleases. If the cause of legitimacy triumphs, I may possibly proceed there as ambassador; should it fail, as a refugee. At present it is uncertain which; Leicester and St. James's-square are equally balanced in the scales."

"But under either circumstance," he added, impressively, as he bade Harry Burg adieu, "I promise you that we shall meet again."

The following day they quitted Paris, and, after travelling three days, arrived at Bayonne, and drove at once to the Hotel de Coats.

The landlord met them with an obsequious smile; their rooms were quite ready, their courier, who had preceded them a few hours, having given the necessary orders.

The young men heard the announcement without manifesting the least surprise. Lili had prepared them beforehand. Not so Tom: he had never heard anything about his master having engaged a courier; but, fortunately, he had not yet sufficiently mastered the difficulties of the French language to explain his suspicions.

"Well!" exclaimed our hero, as the groom entered the salon just after the waiters had removed the remains of an excellent dinner, "have you seen your new companion?"

"I should think I have," replied the lad, in a discontented tone; "he ordered me and Willie to wait on him, as if we had been his servants, instead

of yours; and what is stranger still, we did so—he has such a stately way with him, just like Sir Mordaunt when the judges dined with him last autumn."

His hearers could scarcely repress a smile.

"He is too old to be of much use in travelling," continued the speaker, and can't speak a word of English. The landlord has been asking me all sorts of questions."

"And you replied?"

"As I used to do in Paris," said Tom, at the same time giving an excellent imitation of a French shrag. "I suppose he understood me, for he gave me back just such another one. And there we stood grinning and shrugging at each other till I heard your honor's bell, when I thought that I would come and tell you."

"You have acted admirably," observed Harold. "I have two directions to give, which I may rely on your fidelity for executing to the very letter."

"I should think you might, squire," exclaimed the lad, with a knowing look.

"In the first place," continued the former, "you will treat the courier with the greatest respect, and obey any orders he may give you as implicitly as you would mine. In the next, you will relieve him from all trouble respecting your luggage, and make no observations to the landlord of the hotel, whatever you may see or hear."

"Certainly not, squire," replied the groom. "All he or any one else could get from me must be told in a shrug, and the cleverest Frenchman living could get no more than I knew myself out of that."

"Send the gentleman to me," said his master.

"Send who, sir?"

"The courier, I mean," replied Harold, correcting himself.

Tom drew his breath so shrilly that it amounted as closely to a whistle as was consistent with his ideas of respect. He was a shrewd fellow, and the word "gentleman" gave him a clue to the whole affair.

In a few minutes there was a gentle tap at the door, and a tall, venerable looking man made his appearance. There was an air of distinction in his person which explained at a glance the impression he had produced upon Tom, when he directed him to serve him. Both Harold and Harry felt its influence, for they involuntarily rose from their chairs as he advanced into the centre of the room.

"Be seated, gentlemen," he said, addressing them in excellent English; "and permit me to express a hope that the arrangements I made for your reception have met with your approval."

"Perfectly so," replied the young men.

"Doubtless you have not changed your intention," continued the stranger, with a smile of courtesy, "of continuing your journey in the morning?"

"Not unless you think it advisable to do so."

"Will live to be too early an hour?"

"Our convenience shall be yours."

"His bow positively does remind me of my uncle's," thought Harold Tracy, as the stranger inclined his head a second time to thank them.

"I shall precede you, then," continued the pretended courier, "at the hour I name, to the frontier, with the baggage and passports, and having gone through the necessary formalities, which for some time past have been vexatiously strict, continue my way to Baccara, to give orders for your reception."

"If you have much money—letters of credit or other valuables," he added, "it will be advisable to secure them on your person. Spain is a very different country from France to travel in."

The young men thanked him, and declared their intention to profit by his caution.

"Have you any further orders to give me?"

The perfect seriousness with which the question was asked almost provoked a smile from his hearers; for, up to the present moment they had been listening to him.

"Not that we are aware of at present," replied Harry Burg. "But should you recollect any which we have omitted, you will doubtless have the goodness to inform us."

The stranger saluted them again most graciously, and walked towards the end of the room; then suddenly paused and returned.

"You have seen your chambers," he said, lowering his voice. "They communicate with each other. Leave the door of No. 7 unlocked, and do not be alarmed if in the course of the night I should find it necessary to speak with you."

The friends assured him that he should find them wakeful, and their mysterious protégé withdrew.

The young men regarded each other in silence for some time.

"Domestic!" muttered Harold Tracy, in a tone of incredulity. "I question if Charles the Fifth had a more noble carriage."

"Yet we have the words of the Duchesse de Rohan and Marie de Trouville," said Harry.

"With the qualification of Lili's explanation," observed the former. "Did you notice his hands, how white, how exquisitely modelled, a perfect study for a painter or a sculptor?"

Neither of the speakers regretted the task they had undertaken, or the dangers they might have to encounter in executing it. They remembered the Spaniard had declared that he felt deeply interested in its success, and such was the influence he had acquired over them, they felt it as a sacred duty to carry out his wishes.

In the course of the evening the landlord, who sought various pretexts for intruding upon his guests, informed them that intelligence had arrived of the escape of a prisoner of importance from Bordeaux.

"A robber?" inquired our hero.

"O dear no," replied the man; "a political prisoner; they would never think of setting the telegraph at work for a common thief. I trust, gentlemen, it will not cause you any annoyance at the frontier to-morrow. Your courier informs me that you intend to depart by daybreak."

"Such is our present arrangement."

"In that case I had better register your passports to-night."

The travellers handed them to him unhesitatingly, and the landlord quitted the room. The police were waiting below to inspect them.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE ENRAGED TRAVELLER.

Though he might sometimes still go on.—HERBERT.

The examination of the passports, as far as the travellers were concerned, appeared perfectly satisfactory. The visa of the Spanish Ambassador and Louis Philippe's Minister for Foreign Affairs removed all suspicion; but the name of the pretended courier unfortunately was not included in the party. Our readers are already aware of the feeling of delicacy which prevented our hero and Harry from accepting Lord Charles Murray's offer to insert it.

The landlord of the hotel, who was in the pay of the police, watched the countenance of the commissaire intently as he perused the papers, and when that important personage pronounced them perfectly *en règle*, his own expressed considerable disappointment.

It was not so much the loss of the reward from the government in the event of anything being wrong which he regretted, it was the departure of such profitable guests.

"Are there no means of detaining them?" he said.

The commissaire shook his head.

"They are young and inexperienced," added the conscientious innkeeper.

"There is not the slightest pretext, unfortunately," replied the functionary. "Their passports are in order. Besides, the person who has escaped from Bordeaux is an old man."

"Tens!" exclaimed the rascally landlord, his eyes trembling with malice and intelligence; "their courier is an old man."

"When did he arrive?"

"About three this afternoon. Is his name in the passport?"

The man in authority referred to the document. It was not there.

Although neither of the speakers had the slightest suspicion that the courier was really the person whom orders had been sent by telegraph to arrest, still, as there was a possibility that such might be the case, it was determined to send for him, and one of the waiters was dispatched to his room, to which he had already retired, to summon him to the presence of the commissaire.

Without the slightest hesitation the fugitive obeyed.

Why did you not send your passport with your master's?" demanded the officer of police.

"I was not present when they were demanded," replied the old man, without evincing the slightest embarrassment, and at the same time producing a lengthy document, so completely covered with visas, seals, &c., that scarcely room was left for an additional signature.

When the landlord saw it, he shrugged his shoulders, despondingly. He knew that his project of detaining the travellers for the good of his hotel had fallen to the ground.

"Your name is Leon?" said the functionary.

"You see it is."

"Age sixty-three?"

"Exactly."

"And you have been—"

"Pah!" interrupted the courier; "let me end this farce. You know that my papers are *en règle* as well as I do myself. If you require any further information respecting me, read this."

He drew from a pocket contrived in the lining of his waistcoat, a card, on which a few lines were written in cipher; it was signed by the minister of the French police, and bore the seal of the prefecture.

It was one of those documents given by the government to its secret agents, and which all civil and military authorities are bound to obey.

The Comte de Lili had procured it for him through the agency of the Colonel. The employé who had betrayed his trust and affixed the seal doubtless had been well rewarded.

The commissaire laughed heartily, and held out his hand. The old man colored slightly as he touched it.

"Who would have thought it?" exclaimed the former. "Never was so deceived in my life. Our host and I were in hopes of detaining these birds of passage for a day or two, that he might pluck them at his leisure."

"Impossible! my orders are most strict," was the reply.

"Who are they?"

"English travellers."

"And do they know you?" demanded the officer of police.

As their courier, whom they engaged on the recommendation of a friend in Paris—nothing more."

"And that end is—"

"A secret," replied the old man, gravely. "Landlord," he added, "let us have wine."

Seeing whom he had to deal with, and willing to make some atonement for the annoyance he had caused, the master of the hotel quitted the room where

the above conversation had taken place in search of a bottle of his very best. Like most of his craft, it was not often that he produced it.

"Where is Onfroy?" continued the speaker, as soon as he and the commissaire were alone.

"He quitted Bayonne for Fontarabie directly the intelligence arrived of the escape of the prisoner from Bordeaux. There is not a Carlist of note but he is acquainted with him; so that if he succeeds in passing the French frontier, he will be sure to fall into the hands of the Christians on his arrival there, and—"

"Be shot," said the courier, calmly.

"Such are the orders," answered the functionary, whose confidence in his new acquaintance appeared unbounded.

"I am sorry he is absent," observed Leon. "I had occasion for him; but Clement will do as well. Send him to me."

"To-night?"

"Yes; we start at daybreak."

"Are you sure of the fidelity of Clement?" inquired the head of the Bayonne police. "I have lately had reason to suspect him of being connected with the Carlists."

"With smugglers, possibly," replied the old man; "nothing more."

The landlord now made his appearance with the wine. The speaker drank one glass only, and under pretext of having to start so early in the morning, retired to his sleeping-room, after repeating his injunction to the functionary to send Clement to him.

In the course of the night the last-named personage—a well built, active fellow about five and thirty years of age, arrived at the hotel; and, after a brief conversation with the pretended courier, took his leave, after which the latter threw himself, dressed as he was, upon his bed, and slept till daybreak.

It was a clear, bright morning, when the travellers started from Bayonne. Neither Harold nor his friend uttered a word, till the carriage had rolled over the drawbridge of the town, and they reached the open country.

"The danger is over," exclaimed the former, gaily.

"On the contrary, it is only about to commence," observed their singular companion.

The young men regarded him with surprise.

"At any rate," they said, "we are safe till we reach Fontarabie?"

"We are not going there," replied the courier; "I have availed myself of the discretion you last night gave me to change our route, and we shall enter Spain by Zugamurdi. The distance is only five leagues; at the former place an agent of Christina's is waiting to denounce me."

"But the horses are engaged for Fontarabie."

"I know it; I made the arrangement myself."

"Our passports visaed for Fontarabie."

"It will not matter."

"And the postillions?"

"Will have no choice," continued the old man, in the same calm tone. "In less than an hour we shall quit the carriage. Were my life only at stake, he added, "I should hesitate to expose you to the inconvenience your generosity has entailed upon you, but great and important interests are bound up with it, and I dare not hesitate to avail myself of it. Your route to Madrid will prove a circuitous one. You will visit the Basque provinces first—a land where Nature has declared herself in the mightiest of her works; where all that are true and noble, or worthy of the name of Spaniard, are now in arms in the cause of their lawful king. You will not be the only Englishman in the camp of Don Carlos."

It was the first time the speaker had alluded to the cause of which he was a partisan, or the motives of his flight from France.

Under any other circumstances a visit to the land of the Cid would have delighted both Harold and Harry; but to be taken there against their will—entrapped, as it were, by the Duchesse de Rohan and her niece, into acting the part of political agents in a cause which they imperfectly understood—annoyed them, and they remained silent.

"It is not too late to retract," observed the fugitive, reading their thoughts; "you have but to denounce me at the military post which we shall reach in a few minutes, and General Harispe, who commands the cordon of troops which guard the frontier, will remove the difficulty in the way of your journey to Madrid; and your own government, as well as that of France, will thank you for the service."

"And you?" said Harold.

"In all probability would be delivered to the Christians and shot," answered the former.

"It is not the route we intended to take," observed our hero; "but did it lead to death itself, instead of the Basque provinces, it would be preferable a hundred times to the alternative you name. We have undertaken this enterprise—heedlessly, perhaps; but having done so, cannot abandon it without dishonor. Dispose of us as you please."

The courier smiled, and thanked them with the air of a man who was conferring a favor instead of receiving one.

Before reaching the military post alluded to, Leon quitted the interior of the carriage and took his seat on the box; and on the vehicle drawing up in front of the building, coolly handed the passports to the sergeant, who took them to his commanding officer to examine.

Nearly a quarter of an hour elapsed before they were returned; and yet the aged man whose life hung, as it were, trembling in the balance, did not betray, either by word or gesture, the impatience he must have endured.

"Have you heard anything of the escape of a Carlist prisoner?" inquired the sergeant, as he handed the papers back.

"Nothing else talked of in Bayonne," replied the pretended courier; "the stupid commissaire roused me up in the middle of the night to examine my passport. I look very like a Spanish general, do I not?" he added, with a hearty laugh.

"But it is not a general," answered the soldier.

"So said the fugitive, shouting to the postillions, who started off at a brisk gallop."

"It is the—"

The noise made by the carriage suddenly put in motion, and the shouts and screams of the drivers, who screamed and shouted as only French postillions can, prevented Harold Tracy and his companion from catching the rest of the speaker's information.

"I suppose we shall know in time," observed the former.

"Patience!" exclaimed Harry, laughingly, "patience!"

A piece of advice we consider so good, that we respectfully repeat it to our readers.

The travellers soon arrived at that part of the road where the pass of Huarte branches off from the main route. At first the ascent is a gradual one, winding amongst the rocks and dense passages of wood, fringing the very edge of the narrow mule-track, which is occasionally broken by gigantic masses of stone, detached from the heights above, and fixed by their own weight in the soil, affording a position highly favorable for an ambuscade.

The first impression of Tom and Will of the

out the slightest appearance of hesitation or fear, he unslung the carbine he carried over his shoulder, and crouched behind a huge mass of granite, which formed an abrupt angle on the narrow, winding path.

They had not proceeded far before a sharp ringing sound was heard. The fellow left behind had fired. Harold turned an inquiring glance on the man who was marching by his side. The Basque shrugged his shoulders and whispered the name of Onfroy.

"At any other moment our hero would have paused to notice the singular effect produced by the report, which was answered by a hundred echoes, repeated with such rapidity, that they sounded like the laugh of nature in the wilderness mocking the mimic thunder."

"Murder has been committed," he said, addressing his friend Harry; "a useless, unnecessary murder, and, whatever the consequences, I am resolved on the first opportunity to quit these men."

"Right," replied his companion, lowering his voice; "it was no part of our compact to assist, even as witnesses, in the commission of crime."

For several hours the fugitives continued their march over rugged mountains, whose deep chasms were filled up with old and knotted chestnut trees laden with their prickly fruit. On the hills above goats and Spanish sheep, with their long fleeces, might be seen feeding on the scanty herbage which grew between the rocks, bold and fantastic masses, high above mule track, some terminating in points like fairy pinnacles, others piled one above the other, menacing the traveller below.

It was on the highest point of the pass that the party halted for refreshment; sentinels were placed in various directions to prevent surprise, after which the courier was assisted with great respect from his mule, and a seat made for him by the contrabandists, who spread their jackets on the ground for the purpose.

The old man invited Harold and Harry to partake it.

"You see, senor," said the chief of the band, pointing to the trunks and packages which had been taken from the animals to allow them to feed, "that I have kept my word; not one is wanting."

Our hero made no reply.

"You appear sad," observed Leon.

"I am unused to crime."

"Crime!" repeated the former, with mingled haughtiness and surprise.

"I do not comprehend you. I owe no allegiance to the crown of France; and even if I did, Louis Philippe would not be my king. I have but used the inherent right which every freeman possesses to recover his liberty when unjustly deprived of it."

"It is not that."

"What is it, then?" demanded the pretended courier, impatiently. "Lilini told me you were brave, and frank, and honorable, yet I cannot comprehend you."

"Ask of that man!" exclaimed Harold Tracy, at the same time pointing to the smuggler who had been left behind, and but just overtaken his companions; "he will tell you the name of the victim he murdered."

At the word murdered, the old man started from his seat: his eyes, hitherto so mild and subdued, flashed fire.

"Murdered!" he repeated; "when I issued strict orders that not a drop of blood should be shed. If this proves true, the villain hangs on the first tree that will bear his weight the instant we pass yon line."

He pointed to a row of white stone boundaries, and a few stunted trees, which marked the limits of the two kingdoms. They were scarcely more than a league distant, but that league was the most dangerous one they had to traverse, the valley which intervened being strictly guarded by the soldiers of General Harpise on one side, and those of the Carlites on the other.

Considering that the life of the speaker depended on the fidelity of his guides, the men struck his hearers as a singular one.

"Why was that man left behind?" demanded Leon of the chief of the contrabandists, who stood uncovered before him.

"To await the arrival of Onfroy?"

"And shoot him, wretch?"

"Not him, but his horse, senor," answered the smuggler, with profound humility; "to prevent the traitor giving an alarm, and setting the French soldiers on our track, before we had sufficient start of them."

Leon waved his hand in token that he was satisfied with the explanation, and resumed his seat.

The Basque, who guessed whence the information had proceeded, began to regard the two Englishmen with dislike, if not suspicion.

"Your error was a very natural one," said the courier, addressing the two friends; "it deceived even me for an instant."

"You believe the fellow's statement, then?"

"I would stake my life upon its truth," replied the old man. "Wild and lawless as these smugglers undoubtedly are, they have certain notions of honor which you cannot comprehend. They would lie and cheat a custom-house officer, but not break their word to me; rob the unfortunate traveller who fell into their hands, with as little remorse as they would strip the wolf of his skin, but not touch a single unwarmed of a king's treasure were it confided to their care. An anomaly, you will say, perhaps; but you will find such in most nations."

"When do we resume our march?" inquired Harold Tracy.

"Not before night-fall," answered their singular acquaintance. "I prefer the inconvenience of halting in the mountains to risking a conflict in which life might be lost. Remember, we are still in the territory of France."

It was night before the party again resumed their march, and, unfortunately, a bright moonlight one.

Few travellers but have been impressed with the grandeur and sublimity of mountain scenery. On the summit of some hoary peak or towering rock, they stand face to face with Nature, interrogating her features, fascinated with her beauty, or awe-stricken by the majesty of her simplicity. The hand of man, with all its skill, does but disfigure where it imagines it is adorning.

Harold and Harry felt this; and, despite the danger which an incautious word might create, could not refrain from occasional exclamations of admiration and astonishment, to the great annoyance of their guides, who, familiar with the scene before them, could neither comprehend nor share in their feelings, but several times before reaching the valley warned them to desist.

It was at this point they had to separate from the mules and baggage.

"The great danger is at hand," observed the courier, as they halted behind a clump of chestnut trees.

"And yet you are unarmed," replied our hero, offering him a pistol from his belt.

The old man refused it, adding that he dared not use it.

It was arranged that each of the fugitives should have a contrabandist for his guide, whose steps he was to follow, without paying the slightest attention to the progress of his companions; by which means, in the event of an alarm, the fire of the French soldiers would be less likely to reach them than if they marched in a compact body. By separating, also, they trusted to distract pursuit.

It required all our hero's and Harry's influence over Tom and William Franklin to induce their faithful followers to consent even to a temporary separation from their masters. A promise of compliance, however, was at last reluctantly drawn from them, and the band divided into separate parties; the chief and one of the most active of the Basques marched on before, the other behind, the great object of their care, the mysterious Senor Leon.

Treading as noiselessly as possible, they glided rather than walked till half the valley at least was crossed, when suddenly the "Qui vive?" of the French sentinel was heard.

It was not answered.

The challenge being repeated with the same result, the soldier fired his piece, and one of the contrabandists fell.

The chief shouted out something in Spanish to his men, who instantly commenced running with the fleetness of mountaineers toward the frontier; yet occasionally discharging their pistols in the air, to the great astonishment of the four Englishmen, who were at a loss to comprehend the motive for what they naturally deemed an act of madness, seeing it directed the fire of their pursuers in the direction they were taking.

Meanwhile the two Basques who were guiding the courier pursued their way in rapidity and silence. They did not fire, but wisely took a different direction.

Harold and Harry were the first to cross the frontier, where they found a party of Carlites waiting to receive them. The officer in command rode forward, but when he saw their features, turned aside with evident disappointment.

A few words from one of their guides explained who they were.

Suddenly a loud cry was raised. The men stood to their arms. It was repeated; and the chief of the contrabandists, breathless, and bleeding from a wound he had received in the chest, appeared, supporting the feeble steps of the stranger. No sooner did he see him safe in the midst of his friends, than the faithful fellow sank exhausted on the ground; he was dying.

"Not a moment is to be lost!" exclaimed the officer. "A division of Rodill's army has marched towards the frontier; their outpost is scarcely a mile distant. Mount, your excellency, at once!"

"Not till I have performed my duty," replied the old man, calmly.

He knelt by the side of the smuggler, who continued for a considerable time whispering his confession in his ear.

An alarm was given that the Christians were approaching, but he still remained unmoved.

Suddenly he rose, and, extending his hands, pronounced the form of absolution over him; the next instant the leader of the Basques was a corpse.

"Now, gentlemen, to horse!" said the courier. "We shall escape the enemies of our royal master yet."

The words of the speaker were followed by a loud cry of "Long live the Bishop of Leon!"

The mystery was explained: the pretended courier was no other than the able minister of Don Carlos, so long held a prisoner by Louis Philippe—by what right it would be difficult to justify, unless that of superior force.

Harold and Harry, who had been mounted, followed with the troop; but so rapidly had the scene we have described taken place, that neither of them noticed the absence of Tom and Will of the Belt, who had fallen into the hands of the soldiers of Rodill.

(To be continued.)

The ship Centurion, Capt. Caulkins, from St. Thomas, arrived a few days ago, and brings to this port John Brown, John De Costo, John Smith and John Neil, seamen of the brig General Pierce, who are charged with murdering C. Lawson, master, and Charles L. Groves, cook, of their vessel.

THE ALBANY BURGESSES CORPS.

In the organization and history of this corps there is something so peculiar and different from other military companies, that we give it an extended notice; and in doing so, avail ourselves of the following extract, from a notice of the corps which appeared in the Albany *Bouquet* of July 25, 1835, as being pertinent to the subject of this organization:

"For a long time prior to the fall of 1833, the character and discipline of the military companies of this city and vicinity had gradually been falling into disrepute, until very few respectable persons were associated with them, and our military corps became totally unworthy the capital of the State, and gentlemen of character and standing in society, to whose tastes military exercises were congenial, were deterred by their laxity of morals and discipline from joining them. Added to this was the fact that we were occasionally visited by the military of neighboring cities and States, whose fine appearance, correct and soldierly execution of manoeuvres, and gentlemanly bearing, put our military honors to the blush. To remedy these evils—to establish and maintain at the capital a company which should be equal to any other in the State, which should form a school of military tactics for the city, and retrieve our character at home and abroad—the Burgesses Corps was instituted."

"Unlike the companies formed pursuant to the Militia laws of the State, the military officers of the corps do not transact its ordinary business. The business of the company, except at parades and drills, is under the control of a Board of Directors, in whom is vested the title to all the uniforms and other property, each member paying an equal proportion of all expenses incurred in procuring uniforms, &c., and surrendering his right to the board. The military officers of this corps are not in commission; they are elected annually."

"The Burgesses Corps was organized on the 8th of October, 1833, and the whole number of its members then amounted to twenty-three. Its numbers, however, gradually increased during the winter and spring, at which time an act was passed by the Legislature of the State, exempting such of its members as do not hold commissions from militia and jury duty, and limiting the term of service in the corps to seven years."

The act of the Legislature above referred to is still in force, and the corps is not attached to any regiment, but is subject only to the orders of the Commander-in-chief, the Sheriff of the county, or the Mayor of the city of Albany. The number of those who may receive the benefits of the act is limited to eighty. They have always paraded with respectable numbers, rarely, if ever, numbering less than fifty, and frequently exceeding sixty. Since their first parade, the character and discipline of the military of Albany and vicinity have greatly improved."

On the 22d of July, 1835, the corps received and entertained Major Peter Fritz's company of Philadelphia Grays, and Capt. Seely's company of New York Tompkins Blues. The same year, Sept. 14th, the corps received and escorted the New York Monroe Blues, Capt. Smith, to their camping ground, and on the subsequent day entertained them at Troy. On the 3d of July, 1838, the corps received Col. James Page's 1st Company Philadelphia State Fencibles, and entertained them in a soldierly manner for several days. In 1844 they received and entertained the Newark City Guard. In 1848 they were the hosts of the Boston City Guard, Col. Newell A. Thompson. In 1852 they received and entertained the Patterson City Blues, and in 1853 did the like honors to the Providence Artillery. In 1855 they entertained Company "D" of the city of Buffalo. They have at different periods received or entertained the National Guard and Light Guard of New York, the Utica Citizens' Corps, the Hartford Light Guard, the Troy Citizens' Corps, the Poughkeepsie Guards, and most of the military companies in their immediate vicinity.

In 1856 the A. B. C.'s made an excursion to New York, Brooklyn and Philadelphia. In New York they were received by Capt. Seely's Tompkins Blues, Capt. Woodcock's National Cadets, and Capt. Parker's Union Rifles. They received a sumptuous entertainment at Masonic Hall by the Common Council. At Brooklyn they were received by Capt. Blagrove's Nassau Guards, and Capt. Burbeck's Municipal Guards. At Philadelphia they received the attentions of Major Fritz's National Grays, Capt. Moore's Mechanic Rifle Corps, Col. James Page's 1st Company State Fencibles, Col. Murray's 2d Company State Fencibles, Capt. Gillie's Jackson Artillerists, Capt. Gay's Rifle Greens, Capt. Frederick Fritz Junior's Artillerists, Capt. Koertseritz's Washington Guards, and the officers and members of the Delaware Tribe. On their return to New York they were received and elegantly entertained by Capt. Shallow's Monroe Blues.

In 1843 the corps visited Boston on the occasion of the completion of the Bunker Hill monument; they were entertained by the Washington Phalanx and National Lancers of Boston. In the spring of 1847 they visited Buffalo, acting as a guard of honor to the remains of Captains Field and Williams, who fell early victims to the Mexican war. They were received at Rochester by the Williams Light Infantry, and at Buffalo by Capt. Vaughan's company City Guard, and Col. Hay's Light Artillery. On two occasions in the year 1848 they visited Syracuse as a guard of honor to the remains of distinguished citizens of that place who had fallen in the war with Mexico. On each occasion they were received and entertained by the military and the public authorities.

In 1850 they visited New York, Fall River, Providence, Boston, Lowell and Springfield. In New York they were received and entertained by the Providence Light Infantry. In Boston they were munificently entertained by the Boston City Guard; at Lowell they engaged the hospitalities of the Mechanics' Phalanx, Capt. Farmer. In 1851 they met the Boston City Guard, at Springfield, for target practice, and by a singular coincidence the commandant of each company bore off the prizes as the best marksmen.

They have at various periods visited Schenectady, Saratoga, Troy, Waterford, Lansingburgh, Pittsfield, Chatham, Hudson, Catskill and Poughkeepsie. In 1838 they encamped for a week at Coxsack, and in 1846 spent a week in camp on the Catskills in the immediate vicinity of the Mountain House.

In 1822 they again visited Syracuse as a guard of honor to the remains of Henry Clay. They have repeatedly visited the towns and villages on the Hudson, in boats especially chartered, and on such occasions have been accompanied by large parties of ladies and gentlemen.

Since the organization of the corps, they have celebrated the birth of Washington by a series of the most splendid balls ever got up in this city.

In 1839 and 1840, during the anti-rent troubles in Albany county, they were called out to aid the authorities. In 1844, they were ordered into the service of the State, in the county of Columbia, and were on duty several weeks in that county. On other occasions, when needed, they have cheerfully responded to the call of the authorities.

Captain Farnworth, of the New York Volunteers, Lieutenants Easterly and McKinn, of the 10th Regiment, and others, who have shouldered a musket in the A. B. C.'s, have served their country, with credit and distinction, in the hour of danger.

Among its life-members are enrolled such men of Albany as Hon. Erastus Corning, Hon. John L. Schoolcraft, Thomas W. Olcott, Gilbert C. Davidson, Thurlow Weed, Esqrs., Gen. Robert H. Pruyn, Col. David Hamilton and Col. John Taylor; while among its honorary members will be found most of the influential and leading citizens of Albany. Its ranks are filled with the *élite* of the young men of the capital.

The following gentlemen have commanded the corps since its organization, with distinguished ability. Col. John O. Cole, Capt. Thomas Bayeux, Col. John Osborn, Capt. George Humphrey, Gen. Rufus King, Major Franklin Townsend, Capt. J. W. Blanchard, Capt. W. J. Thomas, and Capt. B. R. Spelman.

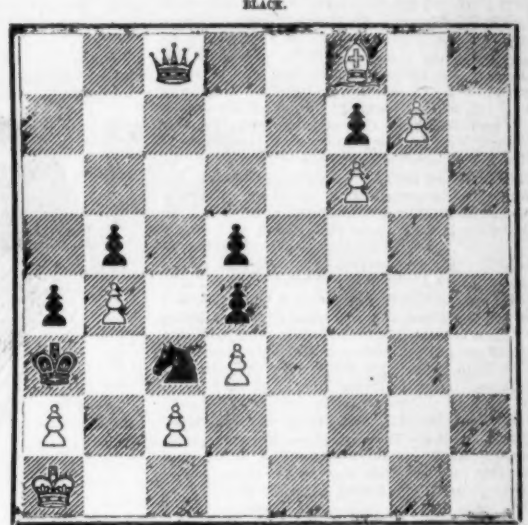
The corps is widely and favorably known throughout the Union for its complete equipments, strict discipline, soldierly bearing, and the social standing of its members.

Their last excursion from home to any distance was their late brilliant and successful visit to Washington, on the occasion of the inauguration of President Buchanan. The corps upon this occasion was in command of the following officers: Captain, B. R. Spelman; 1st Lieut., Hall Kingsley; 2d Lieut., L. H. McChesney; 3d Lieut., T. R. Cutter; Orderly, W. J. Thomas; Adjutant, R. L. Johnson; Engineer, S. H. E. Parsons; Quartermasters, John McMichael and William G. Weed; Paymasters, E. Corning, Jr., and Wm. G. Weed; Surgeon, James J. Johnston; Chaplain, Wm. Davis.

On the arrival of the Burgesses Corps in this city, en route for Washington, it was received and entertained by the New York City Guard, Capt. N. B. Labau. On Saturday following the inauguration, the corps returned to New York, and expressly declined receiving any attention from our city companies; but a large number of the City Guard, in citizen's dress, attended the corps to the cars on their departure for Albany. The Burgesses Corps speak in the warmest terms of the kindness they received in Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. In the last named city they were received by the National Guard, and entertained by them during the inauguration ceremonies. In Baltimore the Light Guard received them, and in Philadelphia Gen. Cadwallader's Brigade did them a similar honor. The Philadelphia Grays also took the corps in charge and gave them a salute in parting.

CHESS.

PROBLEM LXVIII.—By Prof. A. Clapp, Dayden, N. Y.—White to move and mate in four moves.



GAME LXVIII.—(EVANS GAMBIT.)—Between Messrs. MEAD and THOMPSON.			
WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Mr. T.	Mr. M.	Mr. T.	Mr. M.
1 P to K4	P to K4	24 Kt to QB4	B to QKt5
2 K Kt to B3	Q Kt to B5	25 R to QKt	Kt to QB3
3 B to QB4	B to QB4	26 P to KB4 (e)	B to B6
4 P to QKt4	B to P	27 R to Q	Q to B4 (ch)
5 P to QB3	B to QR4	28 K to R	B to B3
6 P to Q4	P to P	29 P to B5 (f)	P to KR3
7 Castles.	K Kt to K2	30 Kt to Q6	K to B2
8 K Kt to Kt6	P to Q4 (a)	31 Kt to KR1P	Q to Kt3
9 K P to QP	Q Kt to K4	32 R to Kt	Q to QB2
10 Q to QR4 (ch)	P to QB3	33 Kt to QB5	R to QKt
11 P to QB3	K Kt to P	34 R to Q	Kt to K4
12 B to KBP (ch)	Kt to B	35 Kt to QR6	R to Q
13 R to K (ch)	K to B	36 R to K	Q to Q3
14 B to QR3 (ch)	Kt to Q5	37 Q to QKt7	Kt to Kt5 (g)
15 Kt to K6 (ch)	B to Kt	38 Q to QB7	Q to Q6
16 R to B	B to QP2	39 P to KR3	B to K4
17 P to QP	Q to Q2 (e)	40 Q to QB3	Kt to B7 (ch)
18 P to Q6	QR to K	41 K to Kt	Kt to BP (ch)
19 Q to KR4 (ch)	K to Kt	42 K to R	Kt to B7 (ch)
20 B to Kt	B to B	43 K to Kt	Kt to Q6 (ch)
21 Q to K4	R to Kt (d)	44 K to B	Q to KB3 (ch)
22 P to R	Q to K2	45 K to Kt	B to Q5 (ch)
23 Kt to Q2	Kt to Q		White resigns.

NOTES TO GAME LXVIII.

- It seems better to play Kt to K4 at once.
- Boldly, and we think soundly played.
- This and the succeeding move, taken together, are excellently played on the part of the defence.
- B to K4 at this stage would probably have led to the following variation:

20 —	B to K4	24 K to B	Q to B5 (ch)
21 R to R (ch)	Q Kt to R	25 K to K2	Q Kt to B
22 Q Kt to B3	Q to KR4	26 K to P	Q to Kt7 (ch)
23 P to Kt	Q Kt to R P (ch)	27 K to B	P to KR4

 And black ought to win.
- R to Q now, or even on the preceding move, seems to us much stronger than the moves made.
- This is the very move of all others Black would doubtless have desired, had he had his choice. It enables him at once to free his king.
- After a most intricate defence Black at length assumes the offensive, and pursues his attack with great skill to the end.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM LXVII.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 B to QB3	P to Q4
2 K to B3	P to Q6
3 B to Kt5	P to B
4 R to Q6 mate.	

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF PERSIA.—The present Sovereign, Nasr-ed-din-Shah, ascended the throne in April, 1849. He was then sixteen years of age, and lived away from the court with one of his uncles, the governor of Tabriz. He succeeded to the throne in virtue of his being the nearest of kin in the collateral line of the celebrated Feth-ali-Shah, or Baba-khan. Nasr-ed-din-Shah is the fourth sovereign of the Turcoman dynasty of the Kadjars, the origin of whom is curious. The dynasty which preceded that of the Kadjars was founded in the following manner:—Under the reign of the Sophis there lived a camel driver whose bravery procured for him the obedience of a number of his companions, who formed themselves into a band, and under his direction, crowned several most successful expeditions with the conquest of the province of Khorasan. Their leader, Nadir, usurped the throne of Persia on the death of Abbas III., and caused himself to be proclaimed Shah, or Sovereign of Persia. Nadir Shah brought under subjection Candahar, Cabul, and several provinces of the Mogul Empire. He was killed in 1747, by his first lieutenant, whose eyes he had the intention of putting out. His successor, Thamasp-Kouli Khan II., reigned only a few years. Fearful disorders broke out at his death in Persia, and several pretenders to the throne arose. Amongst these was a member of the tribe of Kadjars, which signifies fugitives, named Mohammed Hacan-Khan, who conquered Masandaran and other provinces, and captured Ispahan; he was on the point of conquering all Persia when he fell into the hands of a rival, who beheaded him in 1758. His son, Aga Mohammed Khan, succeeded in proclaiming himself Shah of Persia, in 1794, and he founded the present dynasty. Since 1796 the Court of Persia resided at Teheran; formerly Ispahan had been the capital of the kingdom. In summer the court is driven away from Teheran by the heat, and encamps from June 1 to September 30, at the foot of the Elboors mountains in the valley of Goolshak. The ambassadors and great authorities, with the richest inhabitants of the town, accompany the court, and form a magnificent canvas town. The present Shah is of a very mild disposition, and is deeply attached to his mother, who governs his private household. She is only 37 years of age, and is still beautiful. She has for a secretary a French woman, who married, in Paris, a Persian nobleman, and accompanied her husband to his native home, after having embraced his religion. The Shah has five children, to whom he is greatly attached. His eldest son died a few months ago.

FOND OF SUGAR.—Among the statistical facts circulated by the sugar discussion, is the statement that every man, woman and child in the Union consumes on an average twenty-nine pounds of sugar a year.

HON. HOWELL COBB, OF GEORGIA, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

THE Secretary of the Treasury was born at Cherry Hill, Jefferson county, Georgia, on the 7th of September, 1815. He is the son of Col. John A. Cobb, who, when quite a boy, removed from Greenville, North Carolina, with his father. His mother, Sarah R. Cobb, was the daughter of the late Thomas Roots, of Fredericksburg, Virginia. In the year 1834, when only nineteen, Mr. Cobb graduated at Franklin College, Georgia, and on the following year he married Mary Ann, daughter of the late Col. Zachariah Lamer, of Milledgeville, Georgia, by whom he has had six sons, three of whom are dead, the two youngest dying at Washington city during the first session of the thirtieth Congress. It may not be uninteresting to mention that his uncle, Howell Cobb, after whom he was named, represented a district of Georgia in the Congress of the United States during the last war with Great Britain, and his cousin, Thomas Cobb, was not many years since an United States Senator from the same State. In 1836 Mr. Cobb was admitted to the bar, and at once gave such evidence of talents, character and attainments—rarely possessed by one of his age—that in the ensuing year he was elected by the Legislature Solicitor-General of the Western Circuit of the State, the region in which he resided. Notwithstanding his youth and inexperience, it has been generally conceded that the office was never filled in that circuit with more skill, vigor and unvarying success than during the three years he held it. Having early in life obtained political fame as a Jackson or "Union" democrat in 1848, Mr. Cobb was elected on a general ticket to the Congress of the United States, it being his first service in any legislative body. Since that time he has been successively re-elected—in 1844, 1846 and 1848. As the late lamented General Dromgoole failed in health, it became necessary that some one should supply his place as parliamentary leader of the Democracy in the House, and Mr. Cobb, without long experience in that body, and without any previous service in a State Legislature, suddenly found himself elevated to this arduous and responsible position. No man could be better qualified for it by his readiness as a debater, his strong good sense, his never failing temper, his personal integrity, and his thorough acquaintance with parliamentary precedents, which were derived, of course, chiefly from books. His peculiar province of conducting the most important assaults and defenses of his party almost precluded Mr. Cobb from making set speeches. His duty was to open the way for the play of the democratic batteries, and to cover their retreat when necessary. He made all the party motions. Though called early in his Congressional career to this absorbing duty, Mr. Cobb has occasionally found time to deliver carefully-prepared and powerful speeches upon leading questions. Amongst the happiest of these efforts we may cite his speeches in January, 1844, in vindication of the constitutionality of the celebrated 21st rule; on the 3d of May, in the same year, on the tariff question, enforcing the doctrine of free trade; on the 22d of January, 1846, on the annexation of Texas question; on the 8th of January, 1846, on the Oregon question; on the 2d of February, 1848, on the causes and conduct of the war with Mexico; and on the 1st of July, in the same year, on the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation bill. From his entrance into Congress, Mr. Cobb has been the faithful and efficient advocate and defender of the rights and interests of his own section of the confederacy, as involved in the strict maintenance of both the letter and spirit of the slavery compromises of the Constitution.

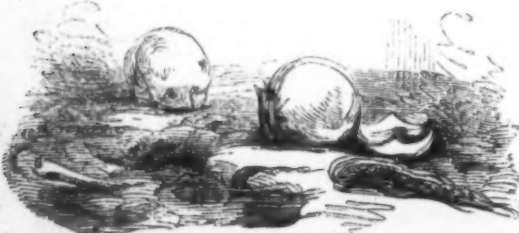
THE OLD POTTER'S FIELD—SHAMEFUL INDIFFERENCE TO THE REMAINS OF THE DEAD.

WHILE the never satisfied and gloating hand of business is demolishing the old church opposite the Park, the demands of the living desecrate the graves of "our fathers" in the upper part of the city, and do it with a recklessness of purpose and delicacy that finds no



THE COFFINS AS SEEN TILED UP IN FOURTH AVENUE.

parallel except in the tragedy of "Leonore." Some time last week "the contractors" found it convenient to cut Fifth street "through," particularly in the neighborhood of the Fourth avenue, and the spades and pickaxes, much to the horror of some sentimental children, invaded the "resting-place of the dead," and exposed to the gaze of the cold-hearted world sad mementoes of once living human forms. The gravediggers of Shakespeare were never more indifferent to the unholy task than were the specimens of "the finest pisantry of Europe," who knocked about the skulls and crossbones as if they were nothing but dice in the world's rattle-box. The digging is through what was once known as "The Old Potter's



PILE OF SKULLS AND BONES SEEN IN THE STREET.



HOWELL COBB, OF GEORGIA, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY. PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITEHURST.

Field," where the obscure and wretched living found an obscure and wretched grave, yet no peace—for here, in broad daylight, these wretched relics are exposed, the horror of a few, the cause of no comment at all in the many. It is not the paupers alone, however, who are made to lie uneasily in their graves; if they have any interest in things of flesh, they could have seen at times, within the last few years, the once-cherished forms of some of our "merchant princes," of our delicate and lovely women, of innocent children—all pillowed in the lap of luxury, but all, as with the poor pauper, with their dissolving but still discernible forms thrown into the gutters and crushed beneath cart-wheels, prematurely ground into dust, to make way for the living, who, in New York, have declared that an active ass is better than a dead lion, and a rich man is better than both together. Comparatively, few persons were attracted to the spot; here and there might be seen an embryo doctor studying osteology and drinking lager beer at a neighboring groggery, while an incipient clergyman, with green spectacles on his nose, took up an intruding bone of some defunct calf and sighed—"We are fearfully and wonderfully made!" Yet for all this there is much to see and think of. On Fourth avenue, human skulls, mingled profusely with mud, while broken and mutilated coffins in piles grimly occupied the sidewalks—on the Fourth avenue the bank on each side of the street presented the remains of coffins and all the horrors of the grave, and while one looked, it seemed as if the demon of utility had taken possession of the city and was eating up the hearts and bodies of men, making them profane, irreverent, and soulless. All that was left to show that once the supposed quietness of the last resting-place was ever on the fated spot, were the remains of a willow tree that moaned and sighed in the biting March wind, and whispered a requiem over the surrounding desolation. A few more weeks or months at most, and all remains of Old Potter's Field will be obliterated, and, save in tradition or in the minds of the curious, will cease to have an actual existence. The paupers' graves have been desecrated, so have those of the nobles of Egypt and of Rome: all—all found a level in the grave.



VIEW OF FIFTH STREET, LOOKING TOWARDS THE EAST RIVER, SHOWING THE REMAINS OF THE GRAVEYARD.

THE Paris correspondent of the London *Atlas* reports that the Emperor has given five hundred thousand francs (say \$94,000) to the widow of Mr. Charles Morey, the American who was shot by the sentinel in the debtors' prison at Clichy. Dr. Chadbourne, of Concord, N. H., the father of Mrs. Morey, sailed for Liverpool in the last steamer from Boston, on his way to Paris.

Or the five ten-cylinder presses which have been ordered of Messrs. Hoe & Co., and which are already in process of rapid construction, the New York *Herald* has ordered two, the London *Times* one, the New York *Tribune* one, and the Boston *Traveller* one. The cost of this superb press will be about \$32,000.

In the list of recent failures was the firm of Thomas & Lathrop, proprietors of the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser*. Their liabilities are said to reach the enormous sum of \$200,000. The establishment was one of the largest in the State, and had long enjoyed such a degree of prosperity as seldom falls to the lot of printing offices. The *Commercial* was Mr. Fillmore's organ during his administration, and received a large share of government and other printing. Dr. Foote, one of its editors and proprietors, rejoiced in a foreign mission, and one or two other of its attaches enjoyed lucrative posts.

ADVICES were brought out by the English mail that the English government had entered into a convention with France, to transfer to that power the Newfoundland fisheries, causing the most intense excitement here. A general meeting of all classes was called; and on the day it was held, all the stores and places of business were closed; the British flag was everywhere at half-mast, union down, and in some places a black flag was hoisted. The result of the meeting was a determination that the wrong shall not be perpetrated. The Legislature and commercial classes are sending petitions to the Queen, and delegates are to proceed to England to protest against the measure.

THE skeleton of the celebrated horse Black Hawk, has been donated by its owner, David Hill, to the Boston Veterinary College. It has been prepared and articulated by Dr. Dadd, and will be ready for inspection in the course of a few weeks. Mr. Hill's donation is one of great value to this infant college, and will interest veterinary students and horsemen in general.

THE shipments of gold during this year, from California, amount to \$10,319,920. Last year they were \$41,682,224, showing a falling off of \$1,362,595. The largest amount on any one trip was on the steamer *Illinois*, which reached New York from Panama on June 28th, \$2,270,868; the smallest by the *Star of the West*, which arrived from Nicaragua on April 2d, \$40,477.

LAUNCH OF THE GREAT EASTERN.—It is expected that the steamship *Great Eastern* will be launched in August next, but several months must elapse after that before she can be made ready for sea. The amount expended on her up to the present time is about \$2,000,000; and an additional sum of \$750,000 will probably be required to complete her.

COL. MATT. WARD, of Texas, was lately robbed of \$12,000, on the Dangerfield road, in that State, the thief having cut the straps of his trunk, while the Colonel was driving through thick bushes. The same gentleman had his pocket picked of \$1,200 while in attendance on the Cincinnati Convention.

THE Washington papers have been largely occupied for some days past with reports of the testimony in the case of Dr. Skinner, who is accused of keeping a sort of Do-the-boys Hall there, for blind, deaf and dumb children. The children are said to be half-starved, thinly clad, and cruelly beaten. The Judge finally decided to bind Dr. Skinner over to bring the children before the Circuit Court at its next sitting, to answer what might be alleged against him under a penalty of \$700.

THE NEW CENT.

In a previous number we gave the history of the new cent. We now give its picture. We hope that this new coin will soon become a familiar object among the loose change of our good citizens. It is certainly a great im-



provement on the old copper, both in size and color. The eagle, we are sorry to say, does not much resemble the living bird of Jove, but we suppose it is a very good eagle for a penny, and we will therefore not complain.

THE following shipments of grain have been made at Chicago this season:—Wheat, 5,000,000 bushels to Buffalo, 4,000,000 to Oswego, and 900,000 to other ports. Corn, 7,700,000 bushels to Buffalo, 2,000,000 to Oswego, and 900,000 to other ports. Oats, 500,000 to Buffalo, 64,000 to Oswego, and 200,000 to other ports. Flour, 100,000 barrels to Buffalo, and 43,000 to other ports.

LIEUT. SILAS BENT, who was for many years in the navy of the United States, and went out with Commodore Perry to Japan, as his flag lieutenant, has been appointed Superintendent of the Illinois Central Railroad Company.

THE carriage road over the Tehuantepec route, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, has been completed, and was passed over by carriages on the fourth of January. When this route is fully arranged and in operation, it will undoubtedly be the favorite one to California, as it is much the shortest and quickest.

THE Fall River *News* says Mr. Andrew Slocum killed four loons at a single shot, a few days ago, on the Hosenack, Westport. The weight of the largest bird was 16½ lbs., and that of the smallest 11 lbs. Total weight, 53 lbs. The loon is a remarkable hard bird to kill, and the above is considered an extraordinary shot.

THE fruit trees in Indiana have been injured by the severe cold.

AMUSEMENTS.

BOWERY THEATRE.—SOLE LESSEE AND MANAGER, MR. BROUGHAM. ACTING STAGE MANAGER, MR. J. B. HOWE. FRIDAY, March 27th, 1857.—BENEFIT OF MR. JOHN BROUGHAM. SIX PIECES—with the following array of talent. Mr. & Mrs. E. L. DAVENPORT, Mr. C. W. CLARK, H. JORDAN, T. HADAWAY and Miss MESTAYER. Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats, (for this night only) 50 cents. SATURDAY, March 28th.—CLAUDE LORRAINE—BLEAK HILLS OF ERIN, and THE LIMERICK BOY. Orchestra Seats, 50 cents; Dress Circle and Boxes, 25 cents; Pit and Gallery, 12½ cents; Private Boxes, \$5. Doors open at Seven; to commence at half-past Seven.

BROADWAY THEATRE.—E. A. MARSHALL, SOLE LESSEE. FRIDAY, March 27th, and SATURDAY 28th.—The Wonderful and Learned Elephants. VICTORIA and ALBERT. Boxes and Parquette, 50 cents; Family Circle and Upper Tier, 25 cents; Private Boxes, \$5 and \$6.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—WILLIAM STUART, SOLE LESSEE. The old favorites together again: Mr. LESTER, Mr. WALCOT, Mr. DYOTT. On FRIDAY, March 27th, Miss MATILDA HERON in LEONORE. SATURDAY, March 28th.—CAMILLE. Boxes and Parquette, 50 cents; Upper Tier, 25 cents; Orchestra Seats, \$1.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE, 622 AND 624 BROADWAY, NEAR HOUTON STREET. MISS LAURA KEENE, SOLE LESSEE AND DIRECTRESS. FRIDAY, March 27th, and SATURDAY, 28th.—THE WICKED WIFE and THE ELVES. Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra Seats, \$1 each; Private Boxes, \$5.

NIBLO'S GARDEN, BROADWAY, ABOVE SPRING ST. THE WONDERFUL RAVELS. Mlle. ROBERT. Mme. MONPLAISIR. PAUL BRILLIANT.

LEON ESPINOSA.

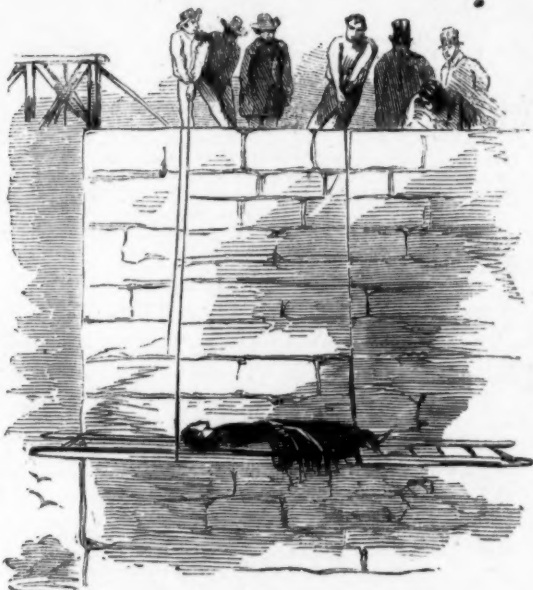
Young HENGELER.

Young AMERICA.

Doors open at 6½, to commence at 7½ o'clock. Tickets, 50 cents; Orchestra Seats, \$1; Private Boxes, \$5.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, MARCH 28, 1857.



HOISTING DEAD BODIES BY THE AID OF LADDERS UPON THE TOP OF THE ABUTMENT.

A BEAUTIFUL PRESENT FOR OUR SUBSCRIBERS. We have, at great expense, employed artists of reputation to color the beautiful Engravings of

"The Monarch of the Glen,"

"Our Saviour,"

and the "The Battle of Stony Point,"

each 23 by 33 inches.

The Engravings are beautiful works of art, being some of the finest specimens ever executed in this country, and well worthy to adorn the walls of the mansion or the cottage.

We have concluded to issue them gratis—to regular subscribers only—on the following terms:

Persons sending us \$3 will receive either one of the Colored Engravings and the Paper for one Year.

For \$5, two copies of the Paper for one year, or one copy for two years, and any two of the Colored Engravings.

For \$7 50, three copies of the paper, to different addresses if required, and the three Colored Engravings.

These beautiful pictures are worth double the money, independently of the best and most useful family paper now published.

If you wish to secure these beautiful Engravings, send the amount to

FRANK LESLIE,

12 & 14 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK.

We are indebted to the *British Colonist* of Toronto, and other Canada papers, as well as to our own correspondents, for descriptions of the terrible railway accident.

In this number we give a portrait of Howell Cobb, Secretary of the Treasury; it will be followed by Mr. Cass, Secretary of State, and the remaining members of the Cabinet. We believe that these portraits will be superior to any that have ever been given to the public.

THE BURDELL TRAGEDY.

We are sorry to perceive another attack in one of our leading papers upon one of the principal witnesses in the Burdell tragedy. We have already in our columns condemned this until recently unheard-of practice, and the more we think of the evils resulting from it, the more we are surprised that it should be entertained by respectable papers, or indulged in by any, respectable or otherwise. This last invasion of the sanctity of private life is certainly offensive beyond comparison. The female members of a quiet and most highly respectable family, residing up town, are rudely dragged before the public, and household matters which should be sacred are treated with a want of feeling rarely exhibited even in the most obtuse of newspaper reporters. Where is this thing to end? Is a man, because he is a witness in an important case, where the public interests demand light—is a man, because he comes forward and endeavors to do his duty as a good citizen, to be held up to public indignation and scorn, as a consequence of such an act? Is the criminal, or the people whom the grand jury have incarcerated for the presumption of crime—are such people to have their organs in the leading papers of the city, which are to take one witness after another, and, by the most unjust innuendoes, the most unpardonable interference in private affairs, the most outrageous treatment of the confidence of innocent and unsuspecting ladies, drag them before the bar of public opinion, destroy their peace and happiness for life, and altogether demoralize and break up society, rendering no man safe, no household free from intrusion? We hope and beg that this matter will end, and we lament that the example of such conduct has been set in a quarter where we should least have looked for it—found a place in a paper heretofore remarkable above its contemporaries for the amenities and courtesies of life, rather than for the allowable liberties which, unfortunately, are too much taken by the press. The evils of which we complain, if persisted in, will work wide-spread ruin in society, and do more to continue the reign of terror, now supreme in this city, than all other causes combined. This holding witnesses up to condemnation before the public should at once cease.

A PRIMA DONNA "of our sister city," says the *Churchman*, inquired if this could be a Christian country, when she was called upon to sing on Ash Wednesday! This reminds us of the Italian brigand, who with his companions murdered an English family, stole the property of the victims, and went into a neighboring town "for a frolic." In the midst of the feast the murderous brigand turned pale, became agitated, and then fell on his knees in all the agony of remorse. He explained to his wondering landlord that in the midst of his excitement "he had eaten meat on Friday."

HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.—While we were preparing our pages for the details of the terrible accident upon the Great Western (Canada) Railway, we received several letters, and continue to receive them, calling our attention to the fact that the trestle work of many of the bridges upon the Hudson River Railway demand special attention from the directors of the road. We trust that the terrible catastrophe among our neighbors will not be disregarded by the managers of the different roads throughout the country. If there are any bridges that want repairing, let the work be done at once.

By an order from the headquarters of the army, we notice that the disposition of Major Generals, as made by Jefferson Davis, has been exactly reversed by the new Secretary of War.

It is shown by undeniable statistics, that the present system of registering letters containing money actually facilitates fraud. Cannot something better be suggested by our new Postmaster General?

GOVERNOR GRANT has arrived in Washington; his resignation of the office of Governor of Kansas has been accepted, and a Southern man has been appointed in his place.



THE CONDUCTOR AND TWO PASSENGERS JUMPING FROM THE LAST CAR AS IT WAS GOING OVER THE PRECIPICE.

THE CALAMITOUS

RAILROAD ACCIDENT

AT

OVER THE

DES JARDINES CANAL, CANADA.

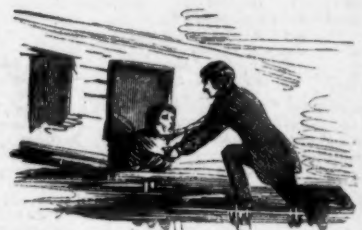
SCENES AT THE PLACE OF THE DISASTER!

THE BODIES FOUND!

RECOGNIZING THE DEAD!

Appearance of the Remains of the Bridge and Cars. THE BRIDGE AND ITS CONSTRUCTION. THE LAST MELANCHOLY SCENE AT THE BRIDGE.

The railway train from Toronto (Canada West) was due at Hamilton at a quarter past six o'clock P. M., Thursday, March the 12th. It came on from Toronto as usual, and was proceeding at a moderate speed to cross the trestle or swinging bridge of the Des Jardines canal. The chasm, sixty feet deep, over which this bridge was erected, was made by cutting an outlet for the canal through Burlington heights.



THE GERMAN RESCUING HIS FRIEND FROM THE CAR WINDOW.

At the time of the accident the water was covered with ice about two feet thick. The moment the train reached the bridge the immense weight crushed through the timbers, and the whole structure gave way, and, with one frightful crash, the engine, tender, baggage car and two first-class passenger cars, broke through the severed frame-work, and leaped headlong into the yawning abyss below. The engine and tender crashed at once through the ice. The baggage car, striking the corner of the tender in the act of falling, was thrown to one side and fell some ten yards from the engine. The first passenger car rushed after, and turning as it descended, fell on its roof, breaking partly through the ice, and being crushed to atoms, while the last car fell endways on the ice, and, strange to say, remained in that position. The loss of life was of course frightful. There were ninety passengers on the train, and the list of those who have escaped only numbers about twenty. As far as we can yet learn, every one in the first car was killed; those who were not crushed being drowned by the water which nearly filled the car. About thirty were in the last car, of whom ten were taken out dead, and most of the others were fearfully mutilated.



GRAPPLING IN THE CANAL FOR THE DEAD.



PASSENGERS CROSSING THE CANAL ON THE RAFTS.

The excitement in the city of Hamilton directly the news spread was intense. Hundreds swarmed toward the Great Western Depot and streamed along the line to the fatal spot. There the scene presented was such as to baffle description. Large locomotive lamps were speedily brought. Fires were kindled and a lurid glare was thrown over the shattered remnants. Special trains were dispatched to the bridge to bring home the wounded. It was no easy task to descend the steep slope to the canal.



THE DOYLE CHILDREN CARRIED UP THE HILL BY THEIR PRESERVER AND A PASSENGER.

Ropes were lowered and ladders attached to them, on which the dead and wounded from the car which stood endways were first drawn up. Then the bottom of the car, which had partly sunk through the ice, was hewn away with axes, and the unfortunate passengers, some sadly mutilated and even cut in pieces, and all saturated with water, were taken out. Many worked with energy and vigor; but who was that noble fellow that every one must have seen, stripped to his shirt-sleeves, standing up to his middle in the freezing water, who, himself a host, did more than all the rest? We watched him long from the height above as he hewed away the fragments and extricated the bodies. If ever man deserved a reward, it is he. As soon as the dead were drawn up the slope they were either put in the cars for conveyance to Hamilton, or were laid in a small house near the bridge. It is said that one family were in the cars awaiting



THE RESCUE OF THE LITTLE GIRL FROM A CAKE OF FLOATING ICE.

A father, mother and four children. Only one of the children escaped. One of these little ones, a girl, about four years of age, was brought into the house alluded to when we were there. The poor little creature was smiling prettily, as if she had been sleeping and dreaming of sweet things when the accident occurred, and had been launched into the long sleep of death before the dream had vanished from her mind.

At the railway depot, when the sufferers were brought in, crowds assembled anxious to hear who was dead, and to know if any of their friends were there. The corpses were taken into the large baggage-rooms, where Coroners Bull and Roseburgh proceeded to have them examined, and, when possible, identified. In an out building, adjoining the Station House, at Hamilton, were sixty corpses laid out on the floor, including men, women and children.

As soon as the intelligence of the catastrophe reached the city, Major Baker and Captain Macdonald's Companies of Volunteers marched to the scene, and every credit is due to them for their conduct. The pressure of the crowd had all but forced in the strong doors of the depot when the Artillery Company arrived. They formed a cordon around the room, which was respected. The rifles marched on to the bridge.

WHO ESCAPED, AND HOW.

Every person in the first passenger car, except Owen Doyle, James Barton, of Stratford, and two children between eight and nine years of age, perished. The escape of three seems perfectly marvellous. One of the children was dragged out of a window on the ice. It knows not how. The other was dragged out of a window, having been up to its neck in water for some fifteen minutes, in almost a senseless state. They were a little boy and a little girl, brother and sister. They can recollect nothing after the fearful crash, and being thrown upon their heads. Their mother, father and uncle perished, and Owen Doyle, who saved himself, is their uncle. He saved himself by forcing his way out of a window as the water was rushing in. He remembers swimming on to the ice; and then lost consciousness. James Barton cannot tell how he got out of the window. He recollects but a wild scream—being dashed against the ceiling of the car. Half senseless and half drowned, he made a last spring for a window. He was picked off of a cake of ice a few minutes afterwards, senseless. The two children, marvellous as they are, but slightly injured; and Doyle and Barton are but comparatively little hurt. Doyle had his brother, and sister-in-law, two cousins, and a cousin's wife, and two nieces, all killed or drowned. And what with his own injuries, the fearful excitement of the scene he had passed through, and the loss of so many near and dear to him, the poor fellow wandered about almost bereft of his memory and his senses. Barton's father was also lost; they were sitting together when the car was turned upside down, and they were dashed against the top of it.

The escape of Richardson, Mr. Urquhart of the express, the mail conductor, and the baggage master, was equally marvellous. When the locomotive and tender went into the abyss literally, the baggage car swung round apparently as if it was going over, and broke loose from the tender. The consequence was, it struck on the ice to the left of where the locomotive disappeared; and slid, so strong was the ice, a short distance. It never overturned; and its three inmates, though thrown among trunks and all sorts of things, strange and happy to say, escaped with but barely trifling bruises. The conductor, hearing the splash of the bridge, and standing at the open door of the car, leaped out just at the brink of the abyss. He escaped unhurt.

In the second car, the persons saved were the Conductor, Mr. Barrett, the Deputy Superintendent, Mr. Muir, and Mr. Jessop, an auditor. They were on the platform of the last car, and jumped off when they heard the concussion. Of those hurt in this car, were Dr. Maclellan and Mr. T. C. Street, of the Falls. The former is very much injured in the head, and has a concussion in the side but it is hoped not seriously. Mr. Street's collar-bone was broken, his arm very badly hurt, and he was otherwise much bruised. Mr. Curtis, of Ingersoll, was dreadfully injured in the spine, and was expected to die every moment. Mr. Barton, junior, of Woodstock, had his back broken, and is otherwise fearfully hurt.

GOT OUT OF THE WINDOW.

Henry August, passenger from Toronto, escaped from the first car. The escape of this person was most wonderful. He is a German; and he and the last named passenger were sitting together on the rear seat of the first passenger car. The moment they heard the first concussion, they got up and rushed together to the door, the latter only reaching the platform. He jumped off just three feet from the chasm. The other car rushed by him, and was gone. He stood for a moment paralyzed. He then ran down the hill, and was gone. He means of saving from drowning his companion who was not in time to reach the platform. He dragged him out of a window, and comparatively unhurt.

A woman, who lives near the scene of the disaster, and who was the first to witness it, gives some interesting particulars about the two children—the Doyle's—who so miraculously escaped. She rushed down the hill to the car; indeed the poor woman literally rolled down, for it was so steep and slippery she could not keep her feet; and the first object that met her attention was the poor little girl, about eight years of age, on a cake of ice. The little thing said, "Oh, don't mind me, save my brother!" and the poor little fellow was at the moment with his chin barely above the water, at the top of one of the windows, imploring some one to drag him out. The woman, though the ice was broken for some distance, managed to reach him; and after rescuing him, rushed up the hill with one child in her arms, and got a passenger, who was himself badly wounded, to carry the girl on his back. She put them to bed; and strange to say, they got up with scarcely a mark. Owen Doyle, the uncle of the little girl, saved her by clasping her to his breast when he hit the car overturning, and throwing her out of the window after the crash. The little boy left some one take him in his arms and fall under him, but he knew not whom. It is difficult to conceive a more melancholy spectacle, than these two children looking on the mangled remains of their mother, father, and nearly all who were dear to them.

RECOGNIZING THE DEAD.

Among the most harrowing scenes attending this fearful catastrophe, are the witnessing the unhappy relatives recognizing the mangled remains of husbands, mothers, mothers, brothers and sisters. Yesterday morning the wife of Mr. Morley arrived from St. Catharines, to pick out of the many dead his body. The scene was heartrending as she passed from one dead body to another, all marked death with greater horrors by being more or less mangled. At last she saw even more distorted and mangled than the rest, was come to; and a wild scream burst from her throat, and she fell on her knees, and wept and wailed with dead bodies, and with others going the rounds to make similar heart-rending discoveries, was she left to kneel down and bewail her bereavement. Whilst on one side of the large building a row of bodies were placed, as yet unrecognized, and questions were asked of every new comer, if he or she knew anything of them, a sob or a moan would be heard in another part, indicating that some one had come from a distance and found all her sad expectations realized. Nor was the circumstance less harrowing, of passing the stranger by, wife, far from his home, and far from those who were dreaming of his return, there lay, a mangled, unrecognized, unwept victim of a railroad disaster. Here was evidently a poor Irish laborer; his pipe was still in his hand; and a smile played over his haggard countenance. One passed, yet another, and still another, and no one knew him. God only knew the grief that some would feel who did know him. Here again linger a larger group. They are looking at the figure of a woman, once beautiful, and though her hair lies tangled and wet, and her face is distorted from the effects of drowning, she still chains that idle crowd with a melancholy interest. She has a marriage ring on her finger. Two lockets are on her breast; and a brooch is suspended by a yellow ribbon round her neck. For whom did she wear them? Who were dear to her? To whom was she dear? No one knew her. God help her! she is not then required to be recognized by him! And so passed the scene. Here a moan and a tear marked the recognition of the mangled remains of a friend or a relation. Here strangers, with heavy hearts, gazed on those who were unknown; and thought of themselves, if ever such a lot should be theirs. There may be scenes of sorrow and of horror, but who can conceive aught so utterly heart-rending, as when people go away in peace and happiness, to return this evening, or to-morrow, and are first heard of as mangled and drowned by such disasters.

THE EXAMINATION OF THE PAPERS AND LETTERS OF THE DECEASED.

This was little less melancholy than the recognizing their dead bodies. In the pocket of one would be found letters from his wife and children, wishing him home, and sorrowing for his absence. Another died with daguerreotypes on his breast of those he loved most on earth. A mother's letter was found in this one's pocket, asking relief, and saying she was ill. The money for relief was found side by side with the letter. Another's name was learned by the letters of those who loved him. And yet another was hurrying home to console the sick or the dying. Such were some of the incidents.

THE REMAINS OF THE BRIDGE AND THE CARS.

A vast concourse of people gathered round the scene of the disaster yesterday. All day men were engaged heaving into pieces the first passenger car, which as it been nearly submerged. It was found impossible to raise it bodily. The locomotive and tender are still under water. The second passenger car was broken up, and carried away the first evening of the disaster. The bridge has been allowed to remain precisely as it was broken; and will, we apprehend, be allowed to continue so until after the inquest, and after thorough inspection by competent engineers. It was a matter of utter astonishment to every one, how any person could have escaped, after such a fearful fall. The walls on either side are of very solid masonry; the adjacent banks are perhaps a hundred feet higher than the railroad. The suspension bridge is thrown over immediately on the right, and is still higher. Then, about sixty feet below the railroad is a narrow deep channel, which looks like a sort of chasm between two high hills. Into this abyss was hurled the ill-fated train. It was just wide enough to let the cars down without touching anything to break their fall. They literally tumbled sixty feet into ice and water, one passenger car following the locomotive and completely overturning, and becoming almost submerged; and the other lighting endways upon this. Great as has been the loss of life, considering the number of passengers; yet, looking at the place, it is absolutely wonderful how any one escaped.

HOW THE ACCIDENT WAS FIRST DISCOVERED.

There is but one small house, belonging to the poor woman who behaved so nobly by the Doyle children near the fallen bridge; and she was looking out of the window as the train approached. She says the catastrophe made little noise. The train seemed to sway to one side, and then all disappeared. It is probable the swaying was the first passenger car overturning. She says she saw a man jump from the locomotive immediately before it disappeared. This was likely the engineer, as he was found with his neck broken on the ice. At the same time one of the workmen at the station house—it is about a mile distant from the broken bridge—who was watching the train coming in, saw

the steam suddenly stop, and a sort of dust arise. In a second there was no train to be seen. The alarm was at once given; and we believe that all persons connected with the railroad have exerted themselves most assiduously since, to render all the assistance they could. The crash was not heard at the depot.

OUTLINES OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

GLASS-BLOWING.

Soldering.—When the tubes to be soldered are of the same diameter and thickness, they should be heated at the points of junction, and the edges slightly turned out by means of a piece of iron wire. When the two parts are bordered, heat them both to a cherry-red heat, and join them together just as they fuse, taking care not to use too much force, and to maintain the heat until the tubes are cemented or soldered together. A little practice will soon enable you to accomplish this operation neatly and quickly; but you will always distinguish the part where they have been soldered.

In soldering tubes of glass of any description, be sure always to unite two of the same kind, otherwise the joint is liable to give way as it cools, on account of the irregular contraction of the glass.

When a tube requires to be soldered to the side of another, it becomes necessary to draw out the one tube, and then having cut off the superfluous part, bordered it, and heated the edges to a cherry-red heat, the other tube is to be bordered and soldered to the first, as directed above, and shown in the accompanying figure. When the soldering is effected, warm the point of junction until it becomes perfectly soft, and then blow gently into the tube, so as to bulge out, then work it gently backward and forward, until the surface becomes almost uniform.

Sometimes it is necessary to solder a small piece of glass over a hole in some vessel. When this is the case, proceed thus: dry the vessel well, then fuse the part to be soldered; and having heated a piece of glass to a cherry-red heat, lay it upon the part, and heat until they fuse together.

Piercing.—It is necessary sometimes to pierce a tube or other vessel, but particularly the former; this is often done for the purpose of joining another tube to it. When you wish to pierce a tube, seal one end, then closing the other end with your finger, direct the flame of the blow-pipe upon the part you wish to pierce, and maintain a reddish white heat until the air within expands with the heat, and bursts a hole through the softened glass.

Sometimes, especially if the tube is long, or the vessel large, the hole is made by blowing forcibly into the vessel, when the glass has become heated to a reddish white.

When the tube has been pierced, it becomes necessary to submit it again to the influence of the blow-pipe flame, in order to border the edges, and prepare it for soldering.

Choking.—It is the actual closing or stopping of a tube, but the contraction of its diameter. This operation is performed by heating the part to be choked to a cherry-red heat, and then gently drawing it out until the tube is sufficiently choked.

To make a fine glass funnel.—Select a tube of the proper diameter and proceed to draw out one part of it, but take care to do this gradually, so as to make the part drawn out assume the form of a fine tube, as in the annexed figure; when the proper length for the neck of the funnel has been obtained, cut off the irregular part, when the glass has cooled down.

To enlarge the diameter of a tube.—It is sometimes necessary to enlarge the diameter of a tube at one end, and when this is required, you must heat the part to be widened in the flame of a spirit-lamp, and when it is soft, insert a stout piece of wire or iron wire, and work it round and round with a firm and even pressure, the same as if you were bordering the tube; but observing that the iron rod is introduced further into the tube than when bordering. The operation of widening must be repeated over and over again, until the tube is sufficiently enlarged.

Sealing.—We have frequently to seal tubes in the laboratory, and therefore it is of great importance to effect this operation neatly and perfectly. Much will depend upon the thickness of the tube, a thin one merely requiring to be softened over the flame of a spirit lamp, while a thick tube must be heated to a cherry-red heat in the blow-pipe flame; but in either case the method of sealing is the same.

As soon as the glass tube becomes softened in the part to be sealed, draw it out gently; at the same time make it revolve between the finger and thumb. The object of sealing may be to make a test tube, or to close both ends of a tube. Sometimes fluids or powders are placed in tubes which are then sealed; but in all cases the operation is conducted in the same manner.

Sometimes it is requisite that the end of the tube when sealed should be flat; when this is the case, it must be pressed while soft against a flat surface. If the end is to be concave, like the bottom of a wine bottle, force the centre of it inwards with an iron wire while it is quite soft.

Glass-blowing requires great care and frequent practice, being one of the nicest operations connected with glass-working.

It is usual to commence glass-blowing by sealing a tube and blowing a bulb at the end of it. This is done by thickening the end of the tube during the operation of sealing, and after it is heated to a reddish white heat, removing it from the flame and holding it horizontally while you blow quickly and strongly into the tube, turning it rapidly round at the same time. If the bulb is not large enough, heat it again, and repeat the operation, until it has acquired the requisite size; taking care to keep your eye fixed upon the bulb so that you should not try to blow the bulb at once, but gradually. If you wish to have a somewhat flattened bulb, hold the tube upright while blowing, and if you wish to have it pyriform or pear-shaped let the heated end depend.

It is sometimes required to have a bulb in the middle of the tube, and this may be formed by either of the following methods: 1st, by sealing one end of tube, then drawing out the other and sealing that, so as to enclose some atmospheric air, and afterwards heating the part to be dilated. The atmospheric air enclosed within the tube expands by the heat and causes the tube to swell out at the part where it is rendered soft by the heat. 2nd, by blowing a bulb and afterwards soldering both ends of it to two tubes shown in Fig. 3.

To make a dropping tube.—First choose a tube that is narrower at one end than the other, then seal the narrow end and thicken it in the flame of a spirit-lamp by fusion. When heated to a cherry-red, blow the bulb and afterwards draw out a point from it. If the point drawn out is not long enough, solder a narrow piece of tubing to the bulb, and draw out the end of the tube afterwards. This forms a useful instrument for applying small tests, by adding one or more drops of a fluid to a tube or glass of the liquid to be tested.

FAMILY MEDICAL GUIDE.

PRIMROSE OINTMENT FOR BURNS AND ULCERS.—Bruise one pound of the leaves of this well-known plant in a mortar, along with half a pound of the flowers, immerse these in an equal quantity of hog's-lard, without salt, until the primrose becomes crisp; after which the ointment, whilst fluid, must be strained through a coarse sieve. This is an excellent application for obstinate ulcers or burns.

EXCELLENT MEDICINE FOR INDIGESTION.—Carbonate of magnesia, 1 ounce; carbonate of soda, 1 ounce; powdered ginger, 1 drachm; bog Turkey rhubarb, half a drachm. Well mix in a mortar, and to be kept in a bottle with a glass stopper. The dose for an adult is half a tea-spoonful.

FOR INFLAMMATION OF THE EYES.—Brandy, 1 tea-spoonful; white wine vinegar, 1 tea-spoonful; soft water, 9 tea-spoonfuls. Mix—and to be used frequently.

APERTIENT ELECTUARY.—A very useful family medicine, particularly good for those who are troubled with asthma or rheumatism. One ounce of senna powder, half an ounce of flour of sulphur, two drachms of powdered ginger, half a drachm of saltpetre powder, four ounces of honey. The size of a nutmeg to be taken night and morning.

FOR SPRAINS AND BRUISES.—Especially where the parts are discolored with blood underneath the skin, and for rheumatic swellings of the joints: vinegar, 1 pint; distilled water, half a pint; rectified spirits, 1½ pints; camphor, 2 ounces. Mix the vinegar and water, dissolve the camphor in the spirit of wine, and then put them all together. For sprains, bruises, and other injuries, when the skin is not broken: carbonate of ammonia, 2 ounces; vinegar, 2 pints; proof spirit, 3 pints. Mix the ammonia with the vinegar; when the effervescence ceases, add the spirit. In inflammation of the joints of some standing, this is mixed with linseed meal, and applied as a poultice, twice a day.

FOR HEARTBURN.—Carbonate of magnesia, 10 grains; carbonate of soda, 5 grains; ginger in powder, 5 grains; liquors in powder, 13 grains. Take as a powder two or three times a day.

CORRECT PLASTER.—It is made by brushing pretty thick gum-water over black silk strained tightly. After having been dried, it will keep a long time, if not exposed to damp. As is well known, it merely requires moistening with the tongue to fit it for use, and answers very well for slight cuts.

ELECTUARY FOR SCORBTIC ERUPTIONS.—Peruvian bark, powdered, half an ounce; aromatic confection, half an ounce; syrup of orange, sufficient quantity to mix the bark and confection; and take the size of a nutmeg, three times a day, in a glass of sedlitz or soda water.

FEVER DRAUGHT.—Almond mixture, 1 ounce; Carbonate of potash, 20 grains; syrup of poppies, 1 drachm. Pour into this a tablespoonful of lemon-juice, and drink while effervescing.

THE HOUSEWIFE'S FRIEND.

BAKED CHICKEN PUDDING.—Cut up a pair of young chickens, and season them with pepper and salt, and a little mace and nutmeg. Put them into a pot, with two large spoonfuls of butter, and water enough to cover them. Stew them gently; and, when about half cooked, take them out and set them away to cool. Pour off the gravy, and reserve it to be served up separately. In the meantime, make a batter as if for a pudding, of a pound of sifted flour stirred gradually into a quart of milk, six eggs well beaten and added by degrees to the mixture, and a very little salt. Put a layer of chicken in the bottom of a deep dish, and pour over it some of the batter; then another layer of chicken, and then some more batter; and so on till the dish is full, having a cover of batter at the top. Bake it till it is brown. Then break an egg into the gravy which you have set away, give it a boil, and send it to table in a sauce-boat, to eat with the pudding.

TO WASH HAIR-BRUSHES.—Never use soap. Take a piece of soda, dissolve it in warm water, stand the brush in it, taking care that the water only covers the bristles; it will almost immediately become white and clean; stand it to dry in the open air with the bristles downwards, and it will be found to be as firm as a new brush.

PICKLED OYSTERS IN THE FRENCH WAY.—A SUPERB DISH.—Take four dozen oysters. Strain the liquor, add six blades of mace, twelve pepper-corns, a little grated lemon-peel, and two or three bay-leaves. Put the liquor to boil; when boiling, add the oysters for two minutes. (Some persons put half vinegar, half liquor.) When cold, strain off the liquor. Place the oysters in a small dish, and garnish with parsley.

TO SALT MEAT QUICKLY.—This receipt has been given to me by a very elderly lady, who has, she assures me, always found it successful. Two pounds of bay-salt, two pounds of common ditto, a small quantity of saltpetre, mix them well together. Then place the meat on a small tripod in a basin of water, taking care the meat does not touch the water; lay the salt on the top of the meat. It is said that it will be sufficiently salted in forty-eight hours.—A SUBSCRIBER.

SAVORY JELLY.—Take half a pig's head, boil it for one hour, then cut the meat into small pieces, put it again into the saucepan with half the liquor it was boiled in, add a little seasoning of pepper, salt, and mace, boil another hour; turn it into a mould to get cold. The above is excellent made from calves' heads, which in many country-places can be bought for a trifle; but the mould should then be lined with hard boiled eggs, cut into slices, and a little parsley added to the seasoning. This is an economical breakfast or supper-dish.

FAMILY PASTIME.

RIDDLE.

Who is that who is a friend very convenient to have, but if you cut off his tail increases to every one, both friend and foe?

CHARADE.

My first is, forsooth, as I steadfastly hold,
Yet I own it appears somewhat strange,
Though time roll away, what will never grow old,
But remain ever new without change;
My second than my first is more mystical still,
For I swear that since first it was found,
By misfortune, by chance, by art, or by skill,
Has never been lost, being firmly bound;
My third is a thing that in Europe is seen,
In Asia, Africa, and America,
From which all mankind must confess there have been
Vast riches derived magnificence;
My whole, I maintain, when correctly combined,
The British do at present possess—
Which on the American coats you will find,
If you'll just take the trouble to guess.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

If I lend a friend £200 for 12 months, on condition of his returning the favor, how long ought he to lend me £150 to requite my kindness?

ANSWERS TO FAMILY PASTIME.

1. To-day. 2. She brings repentance. 3. Plague—ague. 4. It makes all men into T-all men. 5. In-and-mate. 6. The hatch-way. 7. Spin, snip, nips, pins.

MUCH WISDOM IN A LITTLE SPACE.

BEARDS ON WOMEN.—A bearded woman was taken by the Prussians at the battle of Pultowa, and presented to the Czar Peter I., 1724; her beard measured 1½ yards. A woman is said to have been seen in Paris with a bushy beard, and her whole body covered with hair. The great Margaret, governess of the Netherlands, had a very long stiff beard. In Bavaria, in the time of Wolfram, a virgin had a long black beard.

BELLOWS.—Anacharsis, the Scythian, is said to have been the inventor of them, about 669 B. C. To him also is ascribed the invention of tinder, the potter's wheel, anchors for ships, etc. Bellows were not used in the furnaces of the Romans.

BELLS.—Used among the Jews, Greeks, Roman Catholics, and heathens. The responses of the Babylonian oracle were in part conveyed by bells. The monument of Fornsena was decorated by phylacteries, each surmounted by a bell. Introduced by Paulinus, bishop of Nole, in Campania, about A. D. 400. First known in France in 550. The army of Clothair II., king of France, was lighted from the noise of bells by the ringing of the bells of St. Stephen's church. The second Extermination of king Egbert commands every priest, at the proper hour, to sound the bells of his church. Bells were used in churches by order of Pope John IX., as a defence, by ringing them, against thunder and lightning, about 900. First cast in England by Turkytel, chancellor of England, under Edmund I. His successor improved the invention, and caused the first tunable set to be put up at Crolyland Abbey, 900.

Great Bell of St. Pauls, weights	lbs. 8,400	St. Peter's at Rome	lbs. 18,607
Great Bell of Lincoln	9,894	Great Bell at Erfurt	28,224
Great Tom of Oxford	17,000	St. Ivan's Bell, Moscow	127,836
Bell of the Palazzo, Florence	17,000	Bell of the Kremlin	448,772

The last is the great unsuspended bell, the wonder of travellers. Its metal alone is valued at a very low calculation, at £66,666 sterling. In its fusion great quantities of gold and silver were thrown in as votive offerings by the people.

BELLS, BAPTISM OF.—They were early anointed and baptized in churches. The bells of the priory of Little Dunmow, in Essex, were baptized by the name of St. Michael, St. John, Virgin Mary, Holy Trinity, etc., in 1591. The great bell of Notre Dame, in Paris, was baptized by the name of Duke of Angoulême, in 1816. On the continent, in the Catholic states, they baptize bells as we do ships, but with religious solemnity.

BENEDICTINES.—An order of monks founded by Benedict, who was the first that introduced the monastic life into the western part of Europe, in the beginning of the sixth century. No religious order has been so remarkable for extent, wealth, and men of note, as the Benedictines. It spread over a large portion of Europe, but was superseded in the vast influence it possessed over other religious communities, about A. D. 1100. The Benedictines appeared early in England; and William I. built them an abbey on the plain where the battle of Hastings was fought, 1066. William de Warrenne, Earl of Warren, built them a convent at Lewes, in Essex, in 1077. At Hammermith is a monastery, whose inmates are denominated Benedictine dames. Of this order, it is reckoned that there have been 40 popes, 200 cardinals, 60 patriarchs, 116 archbishops, 4600 bishops, 4 emperors, 12 empresses, 46 kings, 41 queens, and 3600 saints. Their founder was canonized.

STATISTICS FOR THE CURIOUS.

CURIOUS BOOK-TITLES.—In the library of the late E. B. Corwin, of New York, were found the following curious books:

By William Gould, 1622.
A SILVER WATERBELL, the sound whereof is able to warn the most profane, worldly and careless sinner to become a true Christian. By Thomas Fyame, 1614.

KNOWERS from the Sixth Trumpet reverberated by a view of neglected remembrances. By Urther, 1661.

The Belgick Plasmire stinging the Slothful Sleeper, and awakening the diligent to watch, fast and pray, &c., 1622.

An invective against the most wicked and detestable habit of swearing. By Thomas Beason, London, 1600.

CHRISTIAN Solidity, or the Catholic Hive of Bees, 1662.

The Connecticut Disenter's Strong Box, 1802.

The Hippers Dipped, or the Anapists Ducked and plunged over head and ears at a disputation at Southwark, &c. By D. Fealty, 1667.

An arrow against profane and promiscuous dancing. Boston, 1634.

A LITTLE eye-salve for the kingdom and the army (a Quaker book), 1647.

The Violin was invented about A. D. 1200, the Piano Forte about one hundred and twenty years ago, and Hoops in 1500.

THERE are 468 harbors on the Atlantic coasts or in the United States.

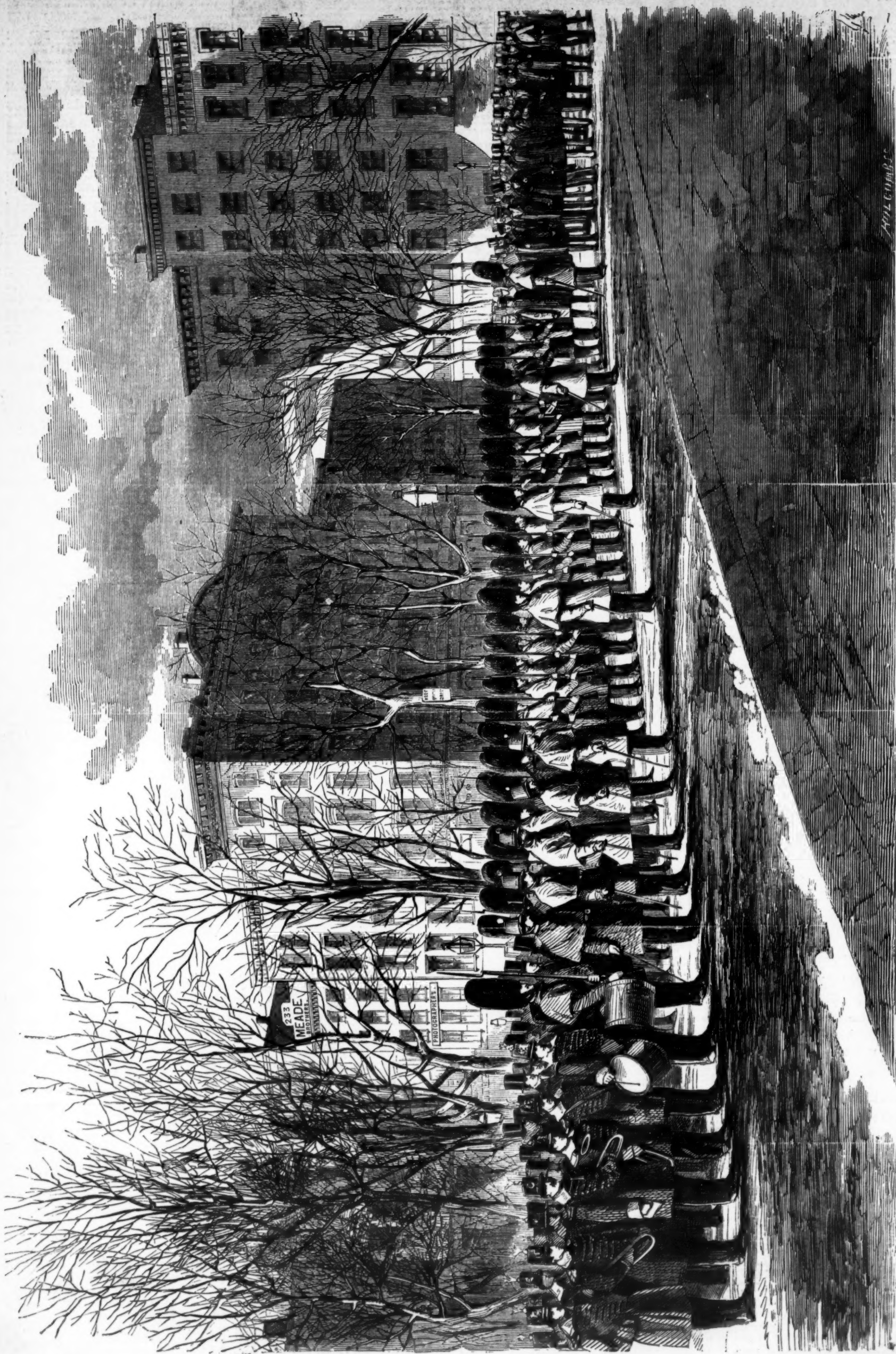
The languages and dialects spoken in the world amount to 3,025, of which 557 are in Europe, 896 in Asia, 276 in Africa, 1,264 in America. How much is to be done to "preach the gospel to every creature?"

In 1657 a man was prosecuted in London for selling coals, then just introduced, as a "nuisance and prejudice to the neighborhood."

The capital stock of the manufacturing companies in Lowell is \$13,900,000.

Eight thousand eight hundred and twenty females are employed in the Lowell Mills.

The debt of New York city is stated at \$14,350,000.



MANY BURGESS CORPS, AS THEY APPEARED IN THE CITY HALL PARK, ON THE WAY TO ATTEND THE INAUGURATION OF MR. BUCHANAN, PHOTOGRAPHED BY MEADE BROTHERS. SEE PAGES 268 AND 275.